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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN  
ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF  
SPOREING AND  
SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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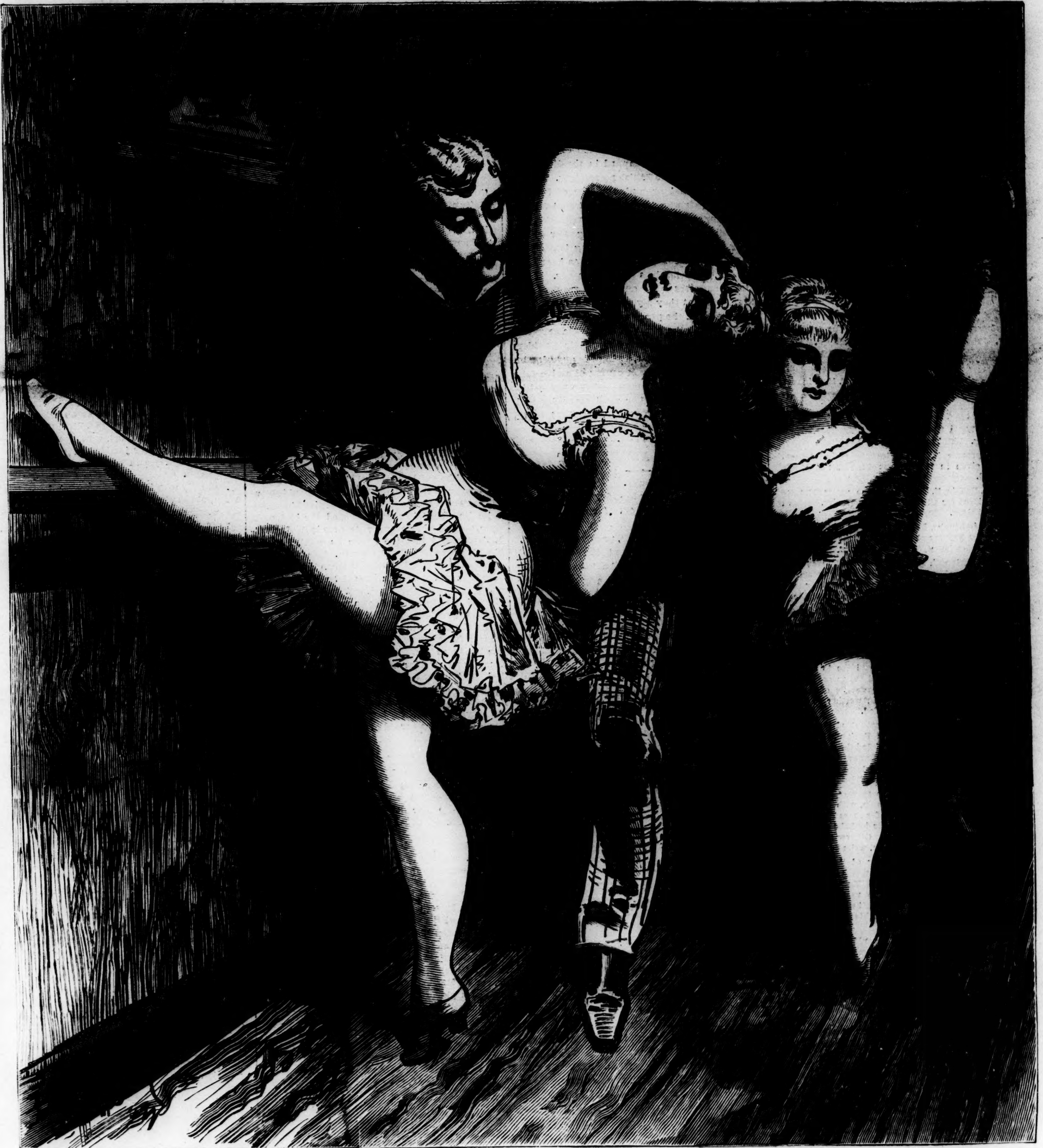
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TRAINING FOR THE BALLET—CANDIDATES FOR FAME BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS TWISTING THEMSELVES OUT OF SHAPE TO ACQUIRE THE ART OF GRACEFUL MOTION—HOW THE PROSPECTIVE HIGH-KICKERS TEACH THE SUPPLE LIMB TO ELEVATE.—SEE PAGE 7.

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RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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#### NOTICE.

Correspondents desiring any information in regard to sporting matters, or on any subject pertaining to sport in their vicinity will please address all their communications to W. E. Harding, Sporting Editor, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William Street, New York. Mr. Harding's large experience amply qualifies him to deal with this department, and his thorough knowledge of everything in the sporting line enables him to give intelligent information on every point which may arise. We intend to make this department of the GAZETTE a feature in its columns, and our readers can assist by giving an account of every noteworthy event which occurs in their community. Be careful that all letters are addressed as above.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

H. K., Rochester, N. Y.—See answer to T. M. C. in regard to local sketches.

E. H. C., Houston, La.—Arrived just before going to press. Much obliged for kindness.

H. D. A., Walla Walla, Washington Territory.—Thank for clipping. Will keep it until you send photo.

W. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—A full account of that manager's life was given in the GAZETTE at the time of the affair mentioned.

T. F. M., Buffalo, N. Y.—If you come across some good lively incident for illustration in your city, sketch it, and send it along.

B. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—Portraits of both parties appeared in the GAZETTE at the time of the murder. Too much of a conundrum.

F. M. C., Cincinnati, O.—Sketch of the Convention of no use. Try your hand at some one of the many incidents which are of daily occurrence in your lively city. Any photos of prominent sporting men will be acceptable.

H. R. C., Gunnison City, Col.—Have never seen the article you mention. Would have returned it had it come to this office and you so desired—providing, of course, we did not use it. Had we done so, would have remunerated you. Last item laid over.

D. C. B., Camp Thomas, A. T.—Would like to illustrate the Indian engagements, provided they were sketched from life, and were accurate in the details of scenery, etc. Otherwise they would be uninteresting to everybody, yourself and comrades included.

"Boxer," Oil City, Pa.—The account of the "Lilly-McCoy" fight appeared in No. 145. Back numbers of the GAZETTE always on hand. You will find the most authentic history of the American prize-ring ever published in every issue commencing from 1812 down to the present time. Circulate this fact among your friends.

G. C. R., Detroit, Mich.—Have no regular list of such characters. Have a file of every photo, with name, that has been published in the GAZETTE for years back. If you could give us his name, we would no doubt be able to give you all the information you desire. Otherwise would be unable to do so. If you obtain name, write again.

B. L., Trenton, N. J.—The author of "Glimpses of Gotham" witnessed all the scenes which he so graphically describes while on the New York Herald's staff. The new edition soon to be issued will be vastly improved, and will be intensely interesting to all who would learn about the great metropolis and its sights and scenes after dark.

"ENTERPRISE," Chicago, Ill.—You could not find a more extensive assortment of lively pictures to select from than is on hand at the Manhattan Steam Printing Company's office, 183 William Street. And the best of it is, these pictures are put into your cards and hand bills free of extra charge. Price-lists and estimates will be sent at once.

A. S., Reading, Pa.—"Footlight Favorites" will be published shortly. The list of actresses of whom portraits will be given, embrace the most prominent on the European and American stage. Their lives and the various characters in which they have won fame will be described in the most entertaining manner by one of the best critics on the New York press.

G. S., Winchester, Va.—Will you please bear in mind that while the incident you sketched so nicely might prove interesting in your place it would not excite any interest in another. We appreciate your address, but our aim is to make the GAZETTE really interesting to all. We did not think it of sufficient general importance, and for that reason did not illustrate. Will always be pleased to hear from you.

#### A LOSING GAME.

If the fool-catcher should set on a hunting expedition for recruits to fill up the ranks of his army he could not light upon a more eligible candidate than the married man who runs away with his neighbor's girl. And, furthermore, if that mythical hunter is at all enterprising he will start out at once, for the present season seems to be very prolific in producing this brand of humanity. In many parts of the country this peculiar sin has become very popular, as many husbandless wives and fatherless children can testify.

It would be interesting to know the ideas of futurity which animate both parties to such a contract. Certainly neither, if they would exercise any foresight, can expect to enjoy a very protracted season of happiness. The vows which each make to the other may emanate from the most sincere (to them) notions of love. But sooner or later (generally sooner) the second serious thought sets in, and with it comes remorse. Visions of a ruined home will come to the male scallawag, and a corresponding perception will creep into the mind of the party of the second part that she has been an instrument in a great wrong. As soon as both become reflective mutual disgust ensues. The glowing picture of happiness in each other's society which they had painted in the days of their illicit courting becomes blurred over with the shadows of discovery. And with discovery comes the contempt of their fellows and the downfall of their air-castle.

With present facilities for catching fugitives, no eloping couple of this mixed sort can hope to be safe in any part of this wide country. The only hope for a peaceful residence on this continent is in Mexico or Nicaragua, or some of the South American States, or northward in the direction of the lands beyond the British possessions. Whether bitten by tropical tarantulas or pinched by Arctic frosts, the pair who have sworn eternal fealty to each other soon begin to despise each other with everlasting scorn. If they live together without being married their social standing is such that the neighbors soon despise them as heartily as they despise themselves and each other. If they think themselves so far out of the reach of their old friends that they slyly slip into the office of some justice of the peace and are joined in matrimony it is with the ghost of a possible arrest for bigamy continually peering over their shoulders. It is bad business at best, and never anything but bad business. The proper course of action for a girl to whom a married man makes a proposition for elopement is to get her most muscular male relation to kick the fellow violently into the street.

#### ARE YOU AWARE THAT

It is damned hot.—Bercher.

It is the height of folly to endorse notes for anybody, and that nine cases out of ten the endorser has to pay the full value.

Theory is the poetry of life, practice the prose.

A man who loves his fellows better than himself stands a good chance of being buried as a pauper.

Charity does not cover so many sins as success.

Politicians are hypocrites of the first order.

If intellect and morality were made civil service tests the majority of them would not be eligible to the position of dog-catcher.

There is need of a reformation of the clergy.

The world is growing liberal in its ideas of religion.

The daily press can outlie the Father of Lying.

Policemen who drink gin at the side door while on post can not be expected to do their duty honestly.

The man who is a confidential family friend and an arbiter in domestic disputes will eventually get kicked out as a busy body.

There is just as much teeling going on now in public offices as in the days of Speed.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE tells more truth in a plainer manner than any other paper in America.

#### HONOR TO THE HERO.

Shining out through the gloom which surrounds the terrible loss of life by the burning of the Savannah, is the heroic conduct of the late Captain Smith. He has by his one act of fidelity to duty at the risk of his life placed himself in the front rank of brave men, and the GAZETTE feels honored in setting his example before its thousands of readers as worthy of emulation. When his boat was enveloped in flames he stood like old Jim Bludsoe, of Mississippi River fame, and steered her toward the bank, never flinching until he had accomplished his purpose. His hands and arms were terribly burned, but that mattered not to him. "He knew his duty, a dead sure thing, and went for it like a hero," said a fellow who has seen the gallant old captain in action. Long may the gallant captain live, and may he never have another chance to prove his heroic manhood. His opportunity came, and he met it like a man.

#### AT THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

"Solid Comfort" as Exemplified by Gallant Lads and Fair Lassies at the Seaside.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sweltering weather of the past week has set everybody on the move for shady nooks, watering places, and resorts that have the name if not the virtue of being cool. Coney Island, Rockaway and Long Branch have been crowded by heated multitudes who drink beer, swear, scold, spend their money and come home at night tired out and financially busted, having just thwarted the very object which they set out to attain—to cool off. It is one of those things which "no feller can fib out" why people will be so unreasonable while on the hunt for pleasure. But they are, and will be in all probability till the millennium—unless they can take a lesson from the spirited picture which our artist has drawn on the eighth and ninth pages of this issue. The gallant lads and lassies are far in the advance of their fellows in their notions of the way to enjoy life at the seaside. Selecting a quiet place far from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife" they have settled down for a "solid old time" of enjoyment. While laying their limbs in the briny waters, they recline at ease upon the beach and between whiffs of their fragrant cigars and cigarettes talk soft nothings, light as the wind which blows about them. Prudish people may object to this mode of enjoyment; but they cannot deny that the principle upon which it is carried out is the correct one when "keeping cool" is the object sought for. The characters sketched in the picture know just what "solid comfort" is and improve their knowledge, independent of what the truly good may think of them. Go in, Lemons, we'll all be dead a hundred years hence.

#### A LUCKY MISTAKE.

A Man Who Was Scared by an Old Woman—Fright on Both Sides, and What it Led to.

On Thursday morning last the people living in the vicinity of Castle Shannon, Pa., were shocked to hear that a terrible murder had been committed in their midst, and the perpetrator of the crime was a farmer well known to them all, and who had borne a reputation second to none, while the victim was an unknown party. The details of the alleged crime were as follows: About 3 o'clock Thursday morning Mr. James Higby, who is a respectable farmer and who lives about two miles from Castle Shannon, was awakened from his sleep by hearing a noise in his yard. He arose, went to the window and saw somebody sneaking along by the bushes. Who the party was he could tell, and thinking that it was a burglar he went to another room and secured a double barreled shot-gun which was already loaded. He again went to the window, and the party was still there, only a little nearer the house. He raised the gun to his shoulder and fired the contents of both barrels at the intruder, and shortly after the report he was horrified to see the party stagger behind a bush and fall to the ground. Mr. Higby closed the window and again retired to bed, but his conscience roared him and he could not sleep. He lay rolling and tossing on the bed, wondering if he should go out and see who it was he shot, or go and give himself up to justice. The latter course seemed the best, so he arose, saddled a horse and rode over to Squire Handell's office and told the squire he wanted to give himself up, as he had killed a man. The squire was of course surprised, but asked the man if he intended to kill the party and he said that he did, the squire placed the man under arrest, and was about to take him to jail, but concluded to go over to his house and get the body of the murdered man. Mr. Higby conducted the squire to the bush behind which he saw the man fall, and upon looking, instead of finding a murdered man he found a crazy woman, who is well known, and rambles around that vicinity a great deal. But instead of being shot she was almost frightened to death. Mr. Higby was certainly overjoyed to find that he had not killed a man, and he was immediately released from custody, while the insane woman was turned over to her friends.

#### A CHASE AFTER A SWEETHEART.

A Girl Who Was Divided Between Two Opinions—The Young Man Who Was Hard Up for a Wife—A Match That Will Be Short-Lived.

A few days ago an eloping couple arrived in Shreveport, La. On the same train was a pursuer, who had followed the fugitives for four days and nights, but without their knowledge. John W. Brack and Miss Elizabeth Morgan, both of Jasper county, Missouri, were betrothed, and the time set for their marriage was on Friday night. On the same day a rival, Thomas Fremont, induced the expectant bride to elope with him, and they took the train south. The rightful claimant took the train in hot pursuit. He followed them for four days and nights without sleeping, and at Marshall took the same train with the eloping couple for the above city. On arriving there they engaged rooms at the Pacific House, but they had hardly been shown to their rooms when their pursuer, attended by a police man, put in an appearance. Thomas Fremont proposed to leave the decision to the lady. After some hesitation, and with a show of great regret at taking leave of the man with whom she had eloped, she made her decision in favor of the gentleman to whom she was first engaged, and decided to cast her destiny and fortune with Mr. Brack. Mr. Fremont, the disappointed eloper, reluctantly consented to the lady and took his leave. After only a day and a happy time to the episode, Mr. John W. Brack and Miss Elizabeth Morgan were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the Pacific House the following morning.

#### SEASONING.

In the Salt Lake City flats appears this sign: "Ring the top bell for the oldest wife."

THE woman who marries does well, but the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

SOME females has just been arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whiskey. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.

It is a time-honored custom in Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly-married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind those present that the battle of life has fairly begun.

"I THINK, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said in his softest accent. "Yes," she yawned. "I've been hoping to hear a-dieu for some time." He did not call the next evening.

LOTTA is to be married, it is said, and has gone into training for the ceremony. She thinks that with a few months' practice she can learn to walk from the vestibule to the chancel without kicking more than five times.

PROPRIETY—Light-minded young thing, in a bathing suit: "Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water?" Aunt Margaret: "Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."

MORE DEVOTION—A man committed suicide by drowning, lately, in six inches of water. He couldn't have done it alone; but his wife, with that self-sacrificing devotion and helpfulness so characteristic of the sex, sat on his head.

A GIRL who is red-headed and cross-eyed and wears number eleven brogans can be advertised all over the country as a beautiful creature by committing some crime. Who ever heard of a female horse-thief or a murderers who wasn't just lovely.

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attend auctions. She went once, and, seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room nodded very politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wanted it delivered."

A YOUNG lad rang the door-bell

Of a newly-married pair.

"Don't you want a boy?" he said,

Shyly pulling at his hair.

"Want a boy?" she repeated;

"Why, you impudent scapegrace!"

And she gave the door a slam

In the youth's astonished face.

A YOUNG lady who is studying French lately wrote to her parents that she was invited to a dinner the day before, and was going to a *fete champetre* the next day. The professor of the college was surprised to receive a dispatch from the "old man": "If you don't keep my daughter away from these menageries and side shows, I will come down and see what ails her."

ALTHOUGH Buckle was proficient in thirteen languages, he never exhausted more than one when his rear collar button flew off at an evening party, causing his collar to bob up against the back of his head, while he was dancing with a pretty young lady. If a man is ever justified in ripping through nineteen languages in one inning, it is on just such an occasion.

THE lady who tapped her husband gently with a fan, at the picnic, last Monday, and said: "Love, it's growing late, I think we had better go home," is the same one who after getting home, shook the rolling pin under his nose and said: "You infernal scoundrel, you, if you ever look at that mean, nasty, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing, that you looked at to-day, I'll bust your head open."

SCENE, parlor: Student and lady friends. (The ladies are great admirers of the opera singer, Miss C.) First lady—"Doesn't she dress becomingly?" Student—"Yes." Second lady—"And so modestly!" Student—"Yes." Third lady—"And so simply!" Student—"Yes." First lady—"By the way, how was she dressed last night?" Student—"In tights." (Ladies change the subject.)

"ONE hundred thousand women are said to be working in the fields of the West." And a hundred thousand able bodied men are hanging around the street corners in the East, complaining that there are no nice, easy jobs. What easier job do they want than "hanging around street corners?" Do you want them to go West and leave their wives and parents at home with one less mouth to provide for?

A RATHER unlooked-for answer was that which a fond mother received the other day while exhibiting a young hopeful to a couple of misses of about half a dozen summers. Inquiring of them who they thought the youngster resembled, one promptly responded, "like his father," but the other, after gravely considering the momentous question and critically examining the cherub, said:—"Well, I think it looks like the hired girl."

THERE is a female seminary at Cumberland, Me., which boasts of a very particularly festive pupil. Whether she slides down the banisters, Vassar fashion, is not stated, but she has a room fronting on the street, and the other day she had a big white apron hung out of that window, with the words "Blank street jail" painted on it in large letters. Her favorite amusement, however, is to sit at the window herself, with her feet hanging out, and to thump her heels against the brick wall.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Yes, doctor, if a baby gal

Should bless my wedded state,

I will not call her Poll or Sal.

No, nothing else but Kate.

My sainted aunt was called the same;

My love for it is great;

Yes, doctor, that must be her name—

—Sally Hobbins, or at least,

What'll I call her? Good gracious, how they cry!

Doctor, be so good as to—

Be a girl's name—Well, well, I shall say—

—That's the name, Doctor, I say.



## NAUGHTY DELEGATES.

The Highly-Flavored Stories Told about  
Certain Members of a Con-  
gressional Convention.

## THE OLD 'UNS ON A LARK.

How two Venerable Statesmen Made  
the Rounds and Disported  
Among the Frail  
Creatures.

## JUST AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE.

Visits to the Variety Halls—The Tra-  
lalaloo in Sin's Embrace—The  
Frail Danseuse.

[Subject of Illustration.]

KANSAS CITY, June 29.—Men do not lay any particular claims to being immaculate, and this is the kind of men, presumably, the delegates to the recent Congressional Convention in this city were. It will be remembered how violently opposed the majority of the delegates were to the holding of evening sessions; they complained of being tired—of needing rest, etc., and the public smiled and said: "What an honest, simple-minded set of old countrymen these delegates are, that they are exhausted by six hours of parliamentary work and have to go to bed with the chickens."

Recent developments would seem to prove that the "simple-minded old countrymen" were not so mighty guileless as had been imagined. After taking their suppers at the hotels in the evening, a large majority of them invariably disappeared, and when not found in their rooms were said to be "caucusing somewhere" in this, that or the other candidate's interest. The kind of caucusing done, however, was not of a character calculated to enhance the interests of any man politically inclined; on the contrary, it appears to have been of a social nature, and that, too, of

### A RATHER OBJECTIONABLE KIND.

This enjoyment was perhaps excusable in the younger delegates, on the ground of physical and mental exuberance, but it is hard to conceive of any apology for old and gray headed men yielding themselves up to the most questionable excesses.

The number of bald heads and spectacled noses visible in the front rows of the variety theatres during the week of the Congressional Convention was considerably larger than usual and the enthusiasm with which the hoary statesmen in the front seats applauded and encored the sensuous abandon of the scantily attired dancers and vocalists argued badly for the cold and unimpassioned virtue, so called, of age. At one of the variety halls on Friday night several of the delegates made themselves laughingly conspicuous by their attentions to a vivacious little danseuse who seemed to enjoy their excitement quite as heartily as the audience. They kept moving up nearer and nearer to the stage till the unfeeling orchestra rail prevented their further approach, and still not satisfied they went to the box office and handed their ducats over like little men for the privilege of occupying one of the private boxes. These private boxes are nicely furnished, are connected with the stage and are so constructed that by the lowering of the face curtains all view of the occupants is hidden from the audience. The party of statesmen to which we allude took possession of one of these mysterious boxes, and from the fact that the curtains were drawn, shortly after the

### VIVACIOUS LITTLE DANSEUSE

left the stage, it is surmised that the statesmanly quartette uninterruptedly enjoyed the sweet presence and coquettish conversation of the black eyed siren over ten or twenty dollars worth of very poor wine.

A clerk in one of the hotels remarked to a reporter that he estimated the variety theatres must have made at least five hundred dollars out of the delegates to the convention. These country fellows get perfectly wild when they come to town; they seem to become fairly intoxicated by what they see and they throw their money about with lavish hand. You will find by inquiry that none of the variety places closed during convention week till a much later hour at night than usual. It was a harvest time for them and they knew it. Most of these chaps from the rural districts imagine that when they come to the city they can run wild and nobody will be the wiser for it. At home they are respected and austere citizens, and are among the first to condemn frivolity on the part of the young, but just once let them get away from home and they are as giddy as schoolboys.

On the nights that no caucuses were held, it was interesting to watch the delegates straggle into their hotels in little squads of two, three and four. They would make their appearance generally about midnight, although the last were not apt to come in before two o'clock, and some showed up in time for early breakfast. The younger ones were hilarious and noisy, but the older ones invariably had a furtive look in their eyes and skipped up to their rooms

quietly before their late arrival could be noticed and commented upon.

The most remarkable performance of the week was that of two elderly gentlemen, who, under the guidance of two other delegates (young enough to be their sons), took in the town in the broadest sense of that expression. These venerable Lotharios were over sixty years of age and have large and interesting families at home—but age, respectability and family were all swallowed up in an overwhelming desire to have

### A ROARING GOOD TIME.

Accordingly on last Thursday night, having fortified themselves with a stiff decoction of Bourbon and sugar, this venerable couple started out upon the grand rounds accompanied by the pair of younger bloods. In the course of the evening they visited five of the gilded palaces of sin in Kansas City and disported gaily with the naughty inmates thereof. The experience is thus narrated by one of the young escorts: "The old boys were game and made lots of fun for us. At one of the houses some one struck up an old-fashioned waltz on the piano, and you ought to have seen those old rascals skipping the tralalaloo with the girls. It was better than any circus I ever saw. The girls enjoyed it hugely and were mighty attentive, while the old codgers acted as little children. One of 'em recited some poetry—he was a fine specimen, he was, spouting poetry with a girl on each knee and his arms around their waists! At another place we had a bottle of wine and that made the old reprobates still more jocular and lively, and they wanted the whole gang of girls to go back-riding with them. Still further on, one of them asked one of the girls if she couldn't come to — and spend the summer; he would get her a boarding house and pay her bills, and nobody need ever find it out. She laughed at the idea, and asked him what his folks would say if they knew where he was and whom he was talking with, but he merely placed his finger aside of his nose and winked knowingly. The evening's programme wound up with a can-can at which the old boys were mighty expert. The girls told them they must come back whenever they came to town, and they said they would. When we returned to the hotel, instead of holding their tongues and going to bed, the two old sinners had to wake up one of their old friends and tell him all about it. 'Great gosh, boys,' said he, 'I wish I'd been with you. Next time you start out let me know and count me in!' The man that said that was older than either of the others, and yet you should have seen his feeble old eyes glisten as he heard them recount the adventures of the night."

### EDWARD TRICKETT.

#### The Champion Oarsman of the World.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of our sketch is a native of Sydney, N. S. W. It is claimed that he is only 24 years of age. He stands 6 feet, 1 inch in height, and weighs in condition 180 pounds. He first became known to fame in 1876, when with his backer, Mr. Punch, he journeyed to England. After his arrival in Albion Punch created a sensation by offering to match an Unknown to row Joseph Sadler, the English champion, for the championship of the world and £400.

The challenge created quite a sensation, and both the Tyne and Thames watermen were surprised to think anyone should challenge Sadler.

The challenge was accepted, however, and the match made. The race took place over the Thames' Championship course from Putney to Mortlake, on June 27, 1876.

As soon as it was ascertained that the oarsman that was to meet Sadler was an Australian, great interest was manifested and Sadler was looked upon as a sure winner. Hundreds of pounds were wagered, Sadler being the prime favorite at £20 to £10.

The race took place. Trickett displayed great science, and to the dismay of Sadler's backers and the Thames and Tyne boating men, won quite easily in 24m. 36s.

Trickett returned to Australia with winnings amounting to £10,000 and opened a sporting house. He was then matched to row Michael Rush for £400 and the championship. The race was rowed over the Paramatta River, June 30, 1877. The distance was 3½ miles. Trickett won easily in 23m. 26s.

About a year ago Trickett tried to arrange a match for £1,000 a side and the championship of the world with Courtney, but the negotiations fell through owing to some unexplained reasons. Trickett is a wonderful oarsman and has made as fast time as Courtney at three miles, and the fact that the sporting men of Australia desire to wager £2,000 and match him to row any oarsmen in the world, proves that he is a wonder in a shell.

Some time ago, the Melbourne Times credited him with making the following wonderful time:

"Edward Trickett is again rowing in good form, and the loss of the first joint of his right finger has not interfered with his rowing and speed. A few days ago Trickett, for the benefit of his backers, rowed a trial over a three, four and five mile course both with a turn and straightaway, and made such wonderful time that boating men consider him the best oarsman in the world. Trickett rowed the three miles straightaway with the tide in 17m. 57½s. He rowed three miles with a turn half-way against the tide in 19 minutes. He rowed four miles straightaway in 23m. 30s., and the same distance with a turn, half the distance against the tide, in 26m. 24½s. The time of Trickett's five-mile straightaway with the tide was 33m. 9½s., with a turn, two and a half miles against the tide and two and a half miles with the tide, 34m. 4s."

The time appears to be too fast to be correct.

Trickett is now on his way to England. On November 15 he will meet Edward Hanlan in a single scull race for £400, Sportsman Challenge Cup and the Championship of the World. The race will be rowed on the Thames, England.

## JOINED HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW

A Marriage That Has Proved the  
Death of Three Persons—A Mother  
That Tried to Put Asunder What  
the Law had Joined Together.

The execution of James H. Brown for the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Parish, took place at Hurlsville, Mo., on the 25th ult. All the forenoon the jail was thronged with curious spectators, each one anxious to feast his eyes upon the unhappy victim. All night long the prisoner was nervous, and in the morning was really ill, sick at heart, and discouraged. The ominous rolling of heavy wagons filled with living humanity, grated discordantly on the nerves of the condemned man. Each morning train brought long lines of excursionists from miles away, hundreds coming from Kansas City, Iowa, and the East. At about 9 o'clock Brown's brother, about fifteen years old, was permitted to visit him, and the scene was peculiarly affecting. They both wept bitterly. Brown took from his bosom an elegant pin and handed it to his younger brother, telling him to keep it, and at the same time gave his brother some wholesome advice. When his little son, three years old, was sent to him, the culprit's heart seemed to break. He wept, perhaps, the bitterest tears of his life. "My poor boy! I tremble for you. God only knows your fate." After he said this his soul seemed too full for utterance for some minutes, when he kissed his bright-eyed boy an eternal farewell.

The procession moved from the jail at fifteen minutes past 12 o'clock. Brown came from the jail with a firm tread. On the way to the gallows the sides of the road were lined with women, nearly all weeping bitterly. Brown recognized many of them and politely doffed his hat. The scaffolding was reached at ten minutes past 1 o'clock and the prisoner walked up the steps bravely. Rev. Mr. Ellington, of the Methodist Church of this place, administered the ordinance of Christian baptism to the prisoner at 11 o'clock and accompanied him to the gallows, where he read an impressive and eloquent prayer.

Brown then indulged in a speech of ten minutes. He said: "If all of you will keep still a minute I will try to talk to you in regard to my poor, dead child-wife. To every man, woman and child I want to say that

### I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST YOU,

and hope you have all forgiven me. May God have mercy to-day on me, and all of you. I stand to-day on the gallows to pay the penalty of my crime. To the young, many of whom I recognize, I want to say I saw them riding out here to-day drunk. I have done the same thing myself and you see where I am." Brown then went on with quite a talk, but of no particular interest. He asked to be buried with his wife, and held in his hand a beautiful bouquet and asked if there was a lady who would see that it was put on his wife's dear little hands. I want," he said, "to see who will do it." Many hands were raised by the women, and the cry "Here!" "Here!" came from every quarter. Brown asked all the relatives of his wife who were present to raise their hands in token of forgiveness. One of the dead woman's sisters was present and raised her hand. Brown said: "Thank God, there is one."

Brown sat down, but soon stood up on the trap. The black cap was put on, the rope adjusted, the trap was sprung and the murderer's soul was launched on the sea of eternity at twenty-eight minutes past 1 p. m. His neck was broken, and he died in about ten minutes, without a struggle. Brown's wife committed suicide three days ago. Her body was buried to-day in the same grave with that of her husband. He was convicted of killing the mother of his wife in 1877. He claimed that she was trying to alienate his wife from him.

Brown was only twenty-three years old, of fine physical development and altogether a very comely person. About five years ago he married Miss Susan Parish, daughter of Dr. John Parish, an old and respected citizen of Randolph county. The parents of Miss Parish were bitterly opposed to their union, knowing Brown's reckless character, but they ran away and were married before steps could be taken to prevent it. The marriage seems to have been a very unhappy one, as Brown soon began a regular course of conduct calculated to make his wife's life very bitter. His cruelty culminated in a short time in open acts of violence against the person of his wife. Her house became a hell. She was lashed with Brown's vicious tongue, and no kindness on her part could appease his spontaneous wrath. Tortured beyond endurance she sought in her father's home a retreat from the violence which for months it had been her lot to witness and feel. Her father and mother advised with her, and after due consideration told her to return home and live with Brown if possible. She did so, but the desecrated had been aroused and Brown soon began to heap upon her the

### VILEST ABUSE AND ILL-TREATMENT.

Finally she returned to her father's house again. Mr. Parish, fearing for her safety, sent her to the house of her brother, in Howard county. This seems to have called into life all the repressed evil of Brown's nature. He swore and raved like a lunatic, declaring that the life of his wife's parents was to be sacrificed for daring to give aid and comfort to their daughter. Dr. Parish is a brave man, but he must have trembled on the 23d of July, 1877, when he saw Brown advancing upon him with a heavy shot-gun in his hands. The doctor and one of his daughters were in the wagon in a lane near Cairo, this county. As Brown came up he said, "I've got you now," and raised his gun to shoot. At this juncture Miss Parish got between her father and Brown. The doctor pushed her away, fearing that Brown would shoot her, and in the

excitement she fell from the wagon. Brown then raised his gun and fired, the charge taking effect in the doctor's face and breast. After shooting the doctor Brown rode away to his home, perhaps a mile off, reloaded his gun and came back.

Mrs. Parish was coming up the lane in a wagon, with one of her daughters, to the place where the doctor had been shot.

Brown saw her, and remarked, "Yonder comes the d—d old b—. I will give her a couple of loads." He went up to the wagon and told them to stop. Mrs. Parish said to her daughter, "O, go on; he don't want us to stop." "Yes I do," said Brown. "Get out of that wagon," he continued, and as Mrs. Parish got off the wagon and went toward the team's heads, Brown shot her. Mrs. Parish threw up her hands and came toward the wagon and rested her head against one of the wheels. Her daughter asked her if she was shot. "Yes," she remarked, "I am shot here," and indicated the location of the wound by pointing her finger to her neck. Brown said, "I am a dying sinner; I am going to hell and want to carry some company with me." He then fired again, killing Mrs. Parish almost instantly, thus closing a scene the most horrible ever witnessed in Randolph county.

### WHAT A YARN!

A Woman Who Asserts Some Very  
Strange Things, and Want \$50,000—  
A Trifle too Thin.

Suit was commenced in the Ottawa Circuit Court a few days ago, in which the parties principally interested are Miss Fannie Cavarly, an aristocratic, handsome, and wealthy young lady, and Dr. J. H. Campfield, of this city, a prominent physician. The young lady recently gave birth to a child, and various rumors had prevailed as to who was the author of her trouble. Yesterday proceedings were commenced by her attorney, E. F. Bull, and an affidavit filed, in which the complainant avers that she was born in Ottawa and that she had always borne a good and irreproachable character until the occurrence of the unfortunate affair herein described. She then alleges that she had been suffering from womb disease and had been treated. She grew fleshy, to her great surprise, but she was innocent of the cause and made no effort to conceal the fact. She even spoke to her friends at Bloomington concerning it, and alluded to the fact at the dress-maker's. She called upon Dr. Hatheway, of Ottawa, who told her she had a fibrous tumor. She then consulted Dr. Byford, of Chicago, who informed her of the true state of affairs. She told him that such a state of things was impossible, and fervently denied that she had ever had improper relations with man. Dr. Byford then told her she had a tumor, but he afterward told a physician at Ottawa that she was enceinte, and assigned as a reason that he did not finally tell her so, that he did not wish to hurt her feelings. She came home and was not aware of her condition until a few days before the birth of the child.

She then proceeds to relate the fact that Dr. Campfield, of Ottawa, was the family physician of her grandfather. That he was kind, gentlemanly, and considerate, and that when she was suffering from a trouble of the womb, having all confidence in him, she called him professionally. He visited her at her home several times, and, as he said it was perfectly proper for him to treat her in his consulting-room, she called at different times at his office. The last four visits she made there he gave her what

### HE CLAIMED WAS WINE.

It was at these times that she thinks she became unconscious, and the doctor took advantage of her and caused her afterward delicate condition. She was not aware at these times when the wine had been administered to her that she had been unconscious, but she had been informed by reputable physicians and believed that if a person becomes unconscious from the administration of anesthetics and drugs that they are not aware of the fact when they become conscious. At these times when she took what purported to be wine she remembered that she was greatly prostrated, and when she left the office she was dazed and did not comprehend where she was going or what she was doing.

On the 10th day of May her troubles culminated and she gave birth to a seven month's child, which lived but a few hours. She further charges that Dr. Campfield and Dr. Stout called upon her previous to the birth, and that Dr. Campfield attempted to commit an abortion. Dr. Hatheway and Dr. Dyers were called during her trouble and both were satisfied that she was enceinte.

In conclusion Miss Cavarly avers that she believes that Dr. Campfield with intent to ruin her gave her the drugs, made her unconscious and succeeded in his purpose. The concluding words of the bill are: "And has caused affiant to suffer greatly from shame and disgrace, and to suffer great pain of body and anguish of mind; that the conduct of said Campfield has been such as to ruin and blast affiant's character for life; that she is looked upon as guilty, when in reality she has never done an unchaste or improper act; that she is shunned by old friends and acquaintances, and her life rendered grievous and burdensome."

She further states that she is about to commence an action of trespass against said Campfield for having thus violated her person, and that she lays her damages at \$50,000. For fear that he may put his property out of his hands, or conceal himself, she asks that he be arrested and held to bail.

THERE is a great deal of interesting conversation going over the telephone wires if you leave the machines open and listen. The message of a fond mother, whose cherub had eaten a watermelon or so too much, and a gentleman who had sent home a large red-fish for dinner, got mixed yesterday. First voice: "What shall I do about the baby?" Second voice:—"Scrape all the scales off him, cut him open and have him dressed nicely for dinner with caper sauce. Ain't he a whopper?"



## KILLED BY HIS MOTHER.

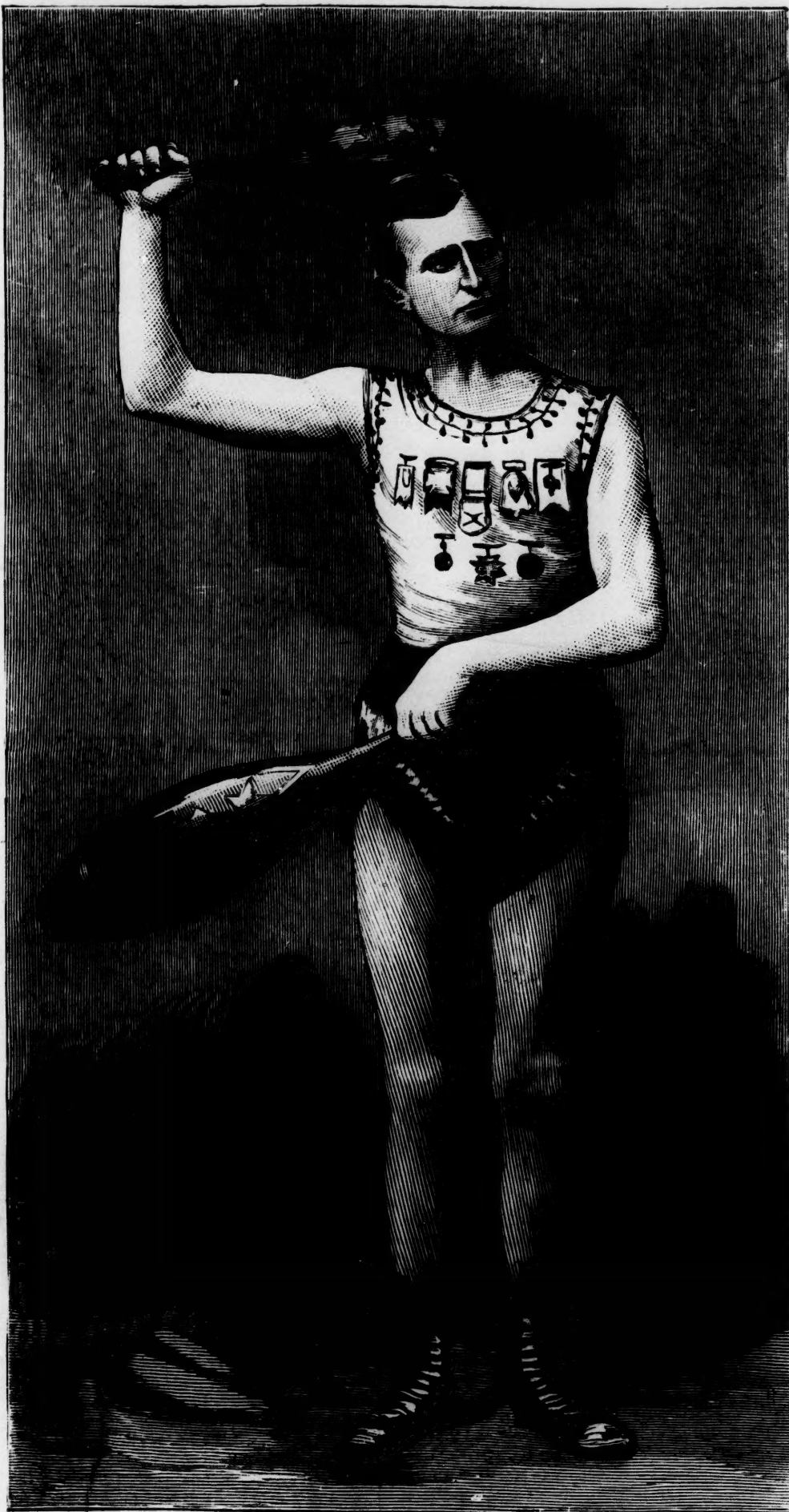
**How a Young Man With a Fortune was Welcomed Home—A Ruse Which Proved Fatal—Cupidity That Made a Woman Mad.**

The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna relates the story of a crime which occurred a few days ago in a village near the Austrian capital. Some fifteen years ago a young Austrian left home to seek his fortune in America. He left a large family of younger brothers and sisters to be reared by his mother, an energetic woman who kept a small country hotel. The young man arrived in America almost penniless. He went West, and after fifteen years of work in the mines was worth \$10,000. As he did not know how to read and write, he did not correspond with his family and the latter believed him dead. About two months ago he determined to return to his country and share his wealth with his family. He came to New York and converted his money into drafts upon the chief banking houses of Vienna. Some six weeks since he sailed from the city, enjoying, in anticipation, the surprise his arrival would cause his folk at home. He reached Vienna without accident, had his drafts cashed, and left at once for his native village. As was natural, after an absence of fifteen years, which he had spent in the mines of California, no one recognized him. He finally made himself known, and spread before his two brothers the handsome roll of bills of which he was the owner, and which he announced he would share with them and their mother. The latter had now removed to a village about a hundred miles away, where she kept an inn. After a couple of days of revel with his brothers the traveller resolved to visit his mother incognito. It was arranged that he should not reveal his identity until his brothers should join him.

The Austro-American made his appearance at his mother's hotel. When he saw the old woman he could scarcely forbear discovering himself to her. But he managed to conceal his relationship, of which of course the woman was in total ignorance. The pair had various long talks during the day. When night came, before retiring, he called her to the room that had been assigned to him, stating that he had an important secret to communicate to her. Then he told her that he had in his possession a large sum of money, and begged her to take charge of it, as he deemed it imprudent to keep it in his room, particularly as the latter could not be locked. The woman hesitated a moment, saying that she had no place in the house where the money would be perfectly safe; but she finally consented to receive it. When the stranger counted over 300,000 florins in bank notes, a sum such as she had never dreamed of, she again declined to assume the responsibility.

But as he insisted she at last took the money and disappeared. What passed within the brain of that wretched woman during that night is more readily imagined than described. Upon reaching her bedroom she hid the treasure under her mattress. But the temptation to look at the enormous roll of bills was too strong for her, and she spread the bills out on a table. The sight of the money so excited her that she became mad, and, jumping from her seat, she took a razor from her bureau drawer, and, stealing up to the room where her son was fast asleep, cut his throat from ear to ear, killing him almost instantly. She then put the razor in her son's hand so as to make it look as though he had committed suicide. Next morning her sons arrived and inquired for the stranger. She then sent them up to his room, saying that he had not yet come to breakfast.

They found him dead, and yells of despair filled the house. The mother, like all the other persons in the house, went up stairs, feigning to be utterly ignorant of the cause of the disturbance. She then learned that the murdered man was her son. The effect that the startling intelligence had upon her mind need not be told.



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.

GUS HILL, CHAMPION CLUB-SWINGER OF THE WORLD.

"My son!" she exclaimed, "Kill me, my children! kill me! It was I who murdered him!"

The woman is now in the Vienna Lunatic Asylum, and no hope is entertained of her recovery. Her surviving sons, it is said, are despondent about the death of their brother.

## SCANDAL-SMIRCHED SOCIETY.

**High Life Among the French—Eloquents, Seductions, Duels and all the Wickedness Satan can Invent in the Gay City of Paris.**

Somebody, some years ago, invented the phrase "Carnival of crime;" the phrase "Carnival of scandal" describes pretty well the present situation. There never were so many scandals before in fashionable and quasi-fashionable circles. Natives and exotics vie with each other in getting themselves talked about, although it is only simple justice to admit that the exotics are the most successful. Her afflicted parents can find no trace of the transatlantic flower that went off last week, with her father's coachman. There is another rumor afloat that an elopement with the hair-dresser of another pearl of beauty—she was from the sunny south—was just prevented by the opportune arrival of a friend of the family at the railway station. Agnes has been shut up in a *maison de sante*, and Figaro has accepted \$500 from the family and an engagement in a capillary establishment across the channel. A few weeks ago a very beautiful Pole, who was married only last winter to a distinguished Russian nobleman, bolted with her brother-in-law, taking with her all the family jewels, and got across the frontier before the police could stop the fugitives. The newspapers, which were greatly exasperated some months ago by foreign pretensions to ultra-goddiness and propriety, gloat over these incidents, calling attention to them as evidence that strangers are no better than the natives; yet they do not spare home sinners, and so we learned how De B., who was presented by the Princess Z., ventured to ask the hand of the latter's lovely daughter, and was requested to discontinue his visits; so, too, we are informed of the adventure of Col. De R., whose regiment is in garrison near Paris, with the wife of a notable merchant of the Rue des Jeuneurs, who came home when he was neither wanted nor expected, pitched into the warrior, got soundly thrashed for his interference, and is now hesitating between a criminal prosecution and a duel. But duels have become so common that, except where parties belong to the upper social strata, they pass almost unnoticed.

And this is the state of Paris society, which is literally honeycombed with immorality.

## A BRAVE SISTER.

**Risking Her Own Life to Save a Brother's. Rare Presence of Mind.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

KANSAS CITY, June 25.—Last Sunday evening Miss Caddy Grafton, daughter of Dr. Grafton, accompanied by her younger brother, Wicklin, went down to walk near Skelton's saw mill. The little fellow, contrary to the warnings of his sister, went out on some logs in the water, and one of them going under when he stepped on it, sent him head first into the Missouri. Taking a quick view of her brother's danger, and regardless of her own safety, she immediately went out on the raft to his assistance, calling at the same time to a party of young men in a boat for help. She succeeded in catching hold of his hand and held him till a boat came, when Henry Kersey pulled him out. Such was the presence of mind of the young lady that she ordered back all who attempted to follow her on the raft, knowing it was too frail to bear more than her weight.

A greater act of true heroism can scarcely be found, and it is one that is worthy of the highest praise.



WHOO! LA!—A PAIR OF FROLICHSOME DELEGATES IMPROVE THEIR ABSENCE FROM HOME AND THEIR VIRTUOUS SPOUSES BY INDULGING IN A HIGH OLD TIME WITH THE WICKED GIRLS OF KANSAS CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.





FAITHFUL THROUGH THICK AND THIN—A YOUNG LADY MARRIES HER AFFIANCED WHILE HE IS AWAITING HIS TRANSPORTATION TO STATE PRISON ON A SENTENCE OF THREE YEARS FOR STEALING; CINCINNATI, O.—SEE PAGE 10.

to enter and secrete himself under the seat. Real snug and cute he looked, too.

Out came the happy pair, and mounting the seat, departed, while the unobserved bundle of impudence under the seat chuckled gleefully to himself. On they went, not a sound from the boy—and when some distance from the town the "swell" drew her unsuspecting head down upon his shoulder and then there was an osculatory smack imprinted on her ripe, red lips. "Oh, joy!" exultingly exclaimed the young "sport."

The sensation was a most blissful one, and he dared repeat it. Drawing her gently to him again, he repeated his bold game, and while his lips still hung on hers in sweet intoxication, up popped the head of Mr. Impudence over the back of the seat. There was a stifled scream, and a suppressed oath, while the audacious little villain pointed the finger of derision at his cousin, and enthusiastically exclaimed, "Ain't you ashamed! I'm going to tell aunty."

Here was a scene of confusion. The young lady blushed, and the young man swore pretty little oaths under his breath. What was to be done? There was no alternative but to take that boy home, which was hurriedly done.

When T. D. L. takes a drive now he is very careful to look under the seat.

#### BREAKING UP A GIN-MILL.

A Priest Who Believes in Action in Temperance Matters.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The temperance people of Bergen Point, N. J., have a staunch champion of their principles in the person of Rev. Father Killeen. Two weeks ago a man by the name of Dillon started a liquor saloon in the place, and paid no more attention to the matter of keeping open on Sunday than to any other day. Father Killeen was returning from mass and heard the noise of drunkenness inside the saloon. He entered the place and at once there was a universal rush for the doors. Having the field to himself and a serviceable gingham in his hand, the clergyman went vigorously to work at the decanters and bottles, and in the



TWO'S A COMPANY, THREE A CROWD—THE WICKED SMALL BOY TAKES A RIDE WITH A LOVING COUPLE AND SEES AND HEARS SOME THINGS INTENDED TO BE STRICTLY PRIVATE; EASTON, MD.

#### THE WICKED SMALL BOY.

How He Got a Free Ride and Played Spy on a Loving Young Couple—"I'm Going to Tell Aunty."

[Subject of Illustration.]

EASTON, Md., June 30.—Miss Carrie Satterfield, a haughty maiden, and one of the belles of Easton, was the other afternoon the recipient of a sweet-scented offer to take a ride with a *distinguish* of counter hopping fame, T. D. Lerrimore by name, for whom she evinced a decided preference, and accordingly sent an affirmative answer. Not many minutes after the delivery of the reply a carriage was seen to stop in front of her door, and out sprang T. D. L., who was promptly ushered into the parlor to await the completion of the lady's toilet. While he was busy in passing complimentary remarks on the tastefully arranged vases, brackets, etc., on the outside might have been seen a dirty little urchin, of perhaps five summers, who stood viewing the handsome turnout with evident delight, until his features relaxed into a broad grin. The carriage top being dashed, he made bold



TRUE BLUE—A BRAVE SISTER RISKS HER LIFE TO SAVE HER BROTHER FROM DROWNING, HE HAVING TUMBLED FROM A RAFT OF LOGS; KANSAS CITY.—SEE PAGE 4.

course of half an hour put it out of the power of any one to get drunk in that shop.

A flood of beer and spirits poured from under the doors of Dillon's Hotel, but nobody in the neighborhood dared go near it. Brandy, whisky, gin and apple-jack flowed out in one common stream and there was a large addition of lager beer. Tin cans were in abundance and there was plenty of desire to use them, but Father Killeen's black thorn hung over the assembled throng like the sword of Damocles. "It was not that it was the Sabbath, and they feared God," said a gentleman who had witnessed the scene, "but they trembled at His minister."

Father Killeen is a short, slight, energetic man of probably fifty years of age. He has a short gray and black beard to protect his throat. He wears a black straw hat, a black alpaca coat and black trousers. His manner is frank and his face attractive. He has been in Bergen Point three years and is a great favorite.

A new and dangerous counterfeit \$100 bill is in circulation. It purports to be of the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore, and of the 1875 series. It is printed on fiber paper.



RECOMMENDED TO BOARDERS WHO ARE TROUBLED WITH EAVES-DROPPING LANDLADIES—AN INVENTIVE LODGER PREPARES A MIXTURE FOR THE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING KEY-HOLE LISTENING, AND TESTS IT WITH PERFECT SATISFACTION ON HIS LANDLADY; VIRGINIA CITY, NEV.—SEE PAGE 12.



FATHER KILLEEN AND HIS GINGHAM UMBRELLA GO FORTH IN THE INTEREST OF TEMPERANCE ON THE SABBATH AND BETWEEN THE TWO ANNIHILATE A GIN-MILL IN BERGEN POINT, N. J., AND SEND THE PRECIOUS FLUID ALL AFLOAT.



## RAKISH RICH.

He Sung Psalms, Cried Amen and  
Led the Flock at Love  
Feast.

## THE SLY OLD RASCAL.

Had a Private Love Feast of His  
Own—Which Her Name it  
was Tilly Larence.

THEY SKIP WITH \$4,000

The hearts of many good men and women living in the neighborhood of Nineteenth and Christian streets, Philadelphia, are filled with surprise and sorrow at the revelations that have just been made concerning one of their number, in whom they had the utmost confidence and trust. No man in that part of the city was more respected by his neighbors than James V. Rich, and no man seemed more worthy of that respect. Six feet two inches in height, good looking, kind and affable in manner, he won the respect alike of the young and old. The pastor of the Methodist church at the corner of Broad and Christian streets, Rev. Mr. Murphy, regarded him as his right-hand man. He was class leader in the church, and in time of trouble the first person to be consulted was Brother Rich. When a picnic or fair was undertaken Brother Rich's tall and graceful form was foremost in the struggle of raising the necessary cash to carry out the arrangements. In fact, the church at large looked upon Brother Rich as its chief support and mainstay and held him up as a worthy example for the younger members.

### A CLOUD, SMALL AT FIRST.

About two weeks ago, however, there came a slight cloud over the sun of Mr. Rich's popularity, so small at first that the only knowledge that gentlemen had of it was in the rather queer way in which some of his fellow-workers in the church regarded him. When they caught his eye they would turn away with an odd smile, and at length a faint rumor reached the ears of the elegant Mr. Rich; very faint was it at first, as though the gentle zephyrs that wafted it were loth to perform the unpleasant task. Nevertheless it made the elegant and graceful Brother Rich start and blush like a timid girl, for the faint rumor said he had been paying too much attention to a certain young lady. This was all the very first faint rumor said, yet it was sufficient to startle the very elegant Brother Rich to an alarming extent, for at 1,908 Christian street he had a wife and family of five children, one a daughter twenty years old and another, a son, of sixteen. In mundane affairs Brother Rich was the superintendent of the Philadelphia branch of the New York Pie Baking Company, which is located at the southeast corner of Ninth and Taylor streets, away down in the southern part of the city. In the discharge of the duties of his office the elegant and graceful Mr. Rich used to call quite frequently at a certain coffee-roasting house.

### A PRETTY FACE.

Employed in this establishment was a young lady of twenty-four summers, tall, graceful and comely. On one of his business trips to the coffee-roasting establishment, the graceful and elegant Mr. Rich's eyes fell upon the face of the beautiful and symmetrical young lady of twenty-four summers, and he immediately became her slave. The name of the fair maiden was Miss Tilly Larence, and she was from Tom's River, N. J. Business became more pressing in the pie bakery at Ninth and Taylor streets, and as a natural consequence the visits of Mr. Rich to the coffee-roasting house became more frequent, and each time, it is said, the maiden with the Juno-like face awaited patiently for the modern Apollo, and the two held long conversations in which, it is said, the mundane matters in regard to pies and coffee were forgotten in the sweet commune of "two souls with but a single thought."

### AT THE PIE BAKERY.

Meanwhile affairs at the pie bakery were running apparently as smoothly as well-oiled machinery. The financial matters, which were entirely in the hands of Mr. Rich, were apparently in perfect order, and such confidence had the New York Pie Bakery in Mr. Rich that they allowed him complete control of their Philadelphia affairs, even to depositing the money of the company in the bank in his own name. For no breath of suspicion had ever soiled the elegant Mr. Rich, and he had been in their employ for four years. There was not a man in his employ that would not have trusted him with all he was worth. Beside being with the company so long he had been up to a year previous, when he joined the Broad and Christian Streets Church, superintendent of the Sabbath schools of the Western M. E. Church for many years. Kindness and attention to the wants of his family was another quality of the elegant Mr. Rich, and his affection for his wife was the subject of remark among his neighbors.

### THE CLOUD DARKENS.

On the 9th ult. Mr. Rich came down to his office with two suits of clothes under his arm, which he had brought down ostensibly to be repaired. These he placed upon the top of his safe under his high desk. In a short time he sent for a trusted employee who had been injured some time previous and was not yet able to perform his accustomed duties, and told him he

would like him to take charge of the office the next day (Thursday) as he was going fishing with his wife's two brothers. On leaving the office he took the two suits with him. At his home, however, the truthful and elegant Mr. Rich had said nothing about going fishing, nor had he mentioned the little matter of having his two suits of clothes repaired; but when Thursday morning came he left as usual, apparently for his office. When evening came, and with it the usual time for the elegant Brother Rich to return to the bosom of his family, no Brother Rich appeared. The whole of that night the anxious wife sat watching. It was, however, a vain watch.

### THE CLOUD DARKENS.

The next morning, worried and anxious, she hastened down to the office of the heartless but elegant Mr. Rich, with inquiries for his whereabouts. At the office no concern had been felt for his absence, as he had said he was going fishing with his wife's two brothers, but the frightened wife said that her two brothers had been at home all the day before. Friday passed, and still the exemplary Mr. Rich did not turn up. An investigation was commenced, and it was found that on the morning of the Thursday on which Brother Rich disappeared the comely Miss Larence had also failed to appear at the aforementioned coffee-roasting establishment. Further inquiry revealed the fact that the Juno-like maiden had sent a letter to her friends at Tom's River, N. J., stating that she was about to visit Europe with a friend for her health. At noon on Friday the cashier of the bank with which the New York pie bakery kept an account, sent notice to the office of that company that their account was overdrawn. An investigation revealed the fact that the elegant, graceful and exemplary Brother Rich had taken four thousand dollars from the bank on the morning of his departure. Mrs. Rich and her family were almost overcome with grief and shame. Having packed up her goods, she left the comfortable house, where she had lived happily for many years, and started for the home of her family, at Mount Vernon, N. Y., a broken down woman. No word has yet been received from Rich himself.

### AN OLD STORY.

Where Love, Stern Parents, a Flight to  
Kansas City and Marriage Are Prin-  
ciples.

Out upon the fertile prairies of Kansas, in one of the pleasantest towns of that state, live two families by the names of Garnett and Shaw. These families are among the best and most substantial, and enjoy the respect and confidence of all who have ever come in contact with them.

In the family of Mr. Garnett is a son whose name is M. B. Garnett, and in the family of Mr. Shaw is, or was, a daughter by the name of Victoria D., who was a young lady of fine accomplishments, quiet and reserved, but loved by all, and whose society has been sought by many of the young gentlemen of the vicinity. For some time Mr. Garnett has been paying Miss Shaw attention until at last he had lost his heart and she had found a lover. They did what most young people do under similar circumstances—plighted their troth. All this was according to their wishes, but not so the parents of the young lady, who seriously objected, upon what grounds does not appear. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and this the young couple found to be true in their case. The young man was forbidden to continue his attentions to the young lady, and she in turn was forbidden to receive any such attentions. This order was not obeyed, for the young people met clandestinely, and a secret correspondence was carried on between them. This was found out and every effort made to break up the attachment, but in vain, as they were determined to have their own way in the matter and become man and wife. Acting on this decision they met at a station on the Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad and came to Kansas City, as they could not obtain the necessary license in Kansas. They went to the St. James Hotel, and sent for Recorder Finney to act officially. The judge was in one of his happiest moods, and in the presence of one or two spectators, including the bachelor clerk of the hotel, he performed the ceremony. The couple drove about the city several hours and started east on a bridal tour.

### WORTHY OF SOLOMON.

A Court Decision Which Meant Death  
Either Way.

Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored Justice, down in the country, on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the Justice, "de facks in dis case shell be weighed wid karfulness, an' ef I hangs yer, taint no fault ob mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter de raigular Justice, but yer see I've been put on as a special. A special hez de right ter make a mouf at de Supreme Court ef he chusses ter."

"Do de best for me you can, Judge."

"Dat's what I've gwine ter do. I've got two kinds ob law in dis court—de Arkansas an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right to chuse for hisself. Now what law does yer want—de Texas or de Arkansas?"

"I believe I'll take de Arkansas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss you for stealing de mule—"

"Thank you, Judge."

"An' hang yer fur killin' de man—"

"I believe, Judge, that I'll take de Texas."

"Wall, in dat case I will dismiss you fur killin' de man—"

"You have a good heart, Judge."

"An' hang yer fur stealin' de mule. I'll jist take de 'casion hear ter remark dat de only difference 'tween de two laws iz in de way yer state de case.—"  
*Little Rock Gazette.*

## WORSE THAN A MURDERER.

The Foul Deed Perpetrated By a  
Tramp—A Fragile Child Waylaid  
and Outraged.

One of the foulest crimes that ever stained the history of Buchanan County, Ia., was perpetrated on the 25th ult., near Hazelton, a crime which cries loudly for vengeance at the hands of the law; a crime beside which murder seems less heinous. Fanny Sadler, the victim, a fragile little girl only twelve years of age, while passing through the timber near Mr. Mineway's, was attacked by a tramp and vilely outraged. She screamed loudly and endeavored to escape, but was overcome by his superior strength and repeated threats of instant death if she did not cease to call for assistance. After accomplishing his hellish purpose the scoundrel left her, and the poor child made her way home as best she could. It appears that she had spent the night at the house of her uncle, Thomas Morton, and was going to her mother's when the man accosted her, it being then between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning. The spot was far enough removed from any habitation to prevent her cries from being overheard, and her brutal assailant dragged her away from the road and pushed her through a fence to a place totally screened from view on all sides by thick hazel bushes. The early hour, the isolated locality and all the attendant circumstances conspired against the unhappy girl. As soon as she reached home and told her pitiful story, the neighbors were aroused, and, headed by her uncle, they started in pursuit of the

### WORSE THAN A MURDERER.

The chase was, fortunately, not a long one. The pursuing party came upon the villain within a few miles of the scene of his demoniac offense. On being surrounded he drew a knife, and hurled curses and threats at his captors. He yielded, however, to the persuasive influence of two or three revolvers and surrendered without further resistance, though he showered maledictions and vile epithets innumerable upon those about him as he was hurried along. In order to leave no question as to the identity of the prisoner, he was taken at once to Mrs. Sadler's and confronted with his victim. Fannie recognized him without a moment's hesitation, but said he wore a white shirt when she saw him in the woods, when an examination revealed the fact that he had endeavored to change his appearance as far as possible by putting on a dark shirt over the white one that he wore in the morning. There now being no doubt in the minds of those present that they had caught the right man, the already intense excitement became indescribable. Mr. Morton placed his pistol in his niece's hand and told her to shoot the miscreant where he stood, but she could not be induced to do so. Up to this time the man had been voluble enough in profanity and abuse, saying among other things that his name was John Brown and that he had a farm east of Oelwein. He

### NOW BECAME VERY RETICENT.

and maintained a sullen silence. His captors next took him to the hotel in Hazelton, where he was searched. Several articles stolen from the premises of Mr. Mineway were found on his person. A rope was then produced and put around his neck, the general opinion being that he should be summarily dealt with. The intercession of Adam Kiefer, who urged the crowd to turn the prisoner over to the proper officers, stating that, in his opinion, the wretch was insane, was probably all that saved the villain's life. This calmer counsel prevailed, and it was finally decided to allow the law to take its course. Accordingly the man was brought to Independence and committed to jail. Much sympathy is felt for Miss Fannie Sadler and for her mother and friends. Misfortunes seem to come upon them thick. Mr. Sadler died only a few weeks ago. In giving her evidence the young girl was interrupted by frequent and violent bursts of tears, and she suffers keenly. The punishment provided for these offenses is by no means commensurate in severity with the deserts of the criminals, but it is hoped that in this case it will at least be certain.

## Ned Mallahan, Noted Sporting Man.

### [With Portrait.]

This well-known sporting man has made himself famous in the sporting world as a pugilist and a backer and second and umpire of pugilists. He was brought up in Connecticut, and from there went to San Francisco. During his sojourn on the Pacific slope he figured in all the prominent matches, and offered to fight any light-weight while there. He came, saw and conquered, for none of the light-weight pugilists dared to meet him, and he was styled the light-weight champion of California. At the time Joe Coburn visited the Golden Gate, Mallahan and Coburn became fast friends, and he returned with Coburn to New York. After his arrival in this city he figured in numerous boxing exhibitions, and met Mike Coburn, John Saunders and numerous other light-weights. He then started a sporting house in Houston street and done a thriving business. Soon after he opened another sporting house in Thirtieth street, and then with William H. Borst, the noted turfman, and William Irving started the Empire Garden in Sixth avenue, which is one of the most successful in Gotham. Mallahan can nightly be seen at the cashier's desk at the Empire, surrounded by hosts of friends which he has made by his affable manners and acts of benevolence.

Mallahan was George Rooke's principal backer in his recent match with Donovan, and Mallahan made him a present of \$500 after he saw that Rooke was ready to fight. Mallahan is at present looked upon as one of the leading sporting men of New York, and

it is very doubtful if anybody has more friends than this noted sporting man.

### THE WRONG MAN.

A Lost Husband Back in the Flesh | He  
Learns the Story of His Own Fu-  
neral.

Mrs. Murphy, of Philadelphia, tells a very astonishing story of how, four years ago, she buried her husband, and yet is still living with him. Says Mrs. Murphy:

"My husband had signs and tokens by which I would know him anywhere. The fore finger of his right hand was not more than half as thick as any other finger upon his hand. He had cut a vein in it when he was a young man, and it had shrivelled up and left it so he could never straighten it out, and then he had a mole on his right arm, below the shoulder, that was so like a wart that I would also know him by that; and when he went off without saying anything to me at all, and didn't come back after three or four days, I was greatly worried."

"About four months after me man first went away," continued Mrs. Murphy, "I was sent for to come to the morgue to see if the man brought in from the river was me husband, and as soon as I laid me eyes upon him, 'it's me own blessed husband,' I said. There was his own sandy hair, his mouth and teeth just the same as ever. I then looked for the signs and tokens whereby I would know him, and there was the token on the arm just the same and the finger all bent and shrivelled up small."

"They wouldn't let me bring the poor man from the morgue to me house, and the funeral took place from the morgue, without any wake at all."

"I was at me work one morning, about four months after me man was buried, when a stranger walked in the door. I looked up and there stood me own husband. I cried out, 'It's an angel come down from heaven!' and then I fainted dead away. When I came to he was still there and I went back into the swoon again, but when I got me senses all right there stood me husband and all the neighbors that went to the funeral shaking hands with the poor man and wishing him good luck, and asking him how did he come back from the grave where he was buried, and all me husband said was: 'I was out West that time.'"

Mr. Murphy, about whom this remarkable narrative is told, says he was in Wisconsin at the time of his supposed death, and the first he heard of his funeral was in a saloon, where he stopped on his way home from the West to get some beer. He said:

"The woman told me she had attended me wake. I thought it a joke of hers and went on down to me home. That time I lived in Bedford street below Eighth, and when I got there the nabors were all scared like, and me wife went off, and after a while they told me they had a wake over me, and that's how they broke it gently to me that they thought I was dead and buried."

Ex-Sergeant Duffy, of the police, appears to believe that the man was not dead; that he was buried in a trance and after burial was taken to one of the quack medical colleges, and upon the first application of the knife consciousness began to return. One thing is certain: Mr. Murphy was as sound in mind previous to this burial as any man, and since that time his wife says his mind has been weakening, until at last he had to be taken to the insane asylum.

### "YOU OLD SCOUNDREL."

A Slight Mistake Which Nearly Threw  
an Old Maid into Hysterics.

It was in a Pullman sleeper between Albany and Buffalo.

Among the passengers was a middle-aged couple evidently on their first journey, and a sour-faced old maid, desiccated in aspect, who was traveling alone.

The couple had an upper berth, and the ancient maiden lady the upper berth in the adjoining section.

In the same car were a couple of gay youths, ready for any sort of mischief.

Bed-time came, and all hands retired. But the husband could not sleep. It was probably because of the novelty of his situation. Try as he would, slumber would not visit his eyelids.

At length it occurred to him that he was thirsty, and the more he thought of it, the more thirsty he got.

So he called the porter, who brought him a ladder and helped him down.

Now, while he was gone for water one of the "boys" stepped out of bed and shifted the ladder so that it rested up against the berth in which the ancient maiden was sleeping, and then returned to his berth to note the result.

In a short time the thirsty man returned and crept quietly up the steps, anxious to make as little noise as possible, so as not to wake his wife.

The occupant of the berth thus rudely intruded upon awoke with a start, and screamed.

The husband, supposing it to be his easily frightened wife, tried to reassure her, and said: "It's only me!"

"Only you, you old scoundrel!" said the venerable maiden. "I'll teach you a lesson!" And with that she seized him by his remaining locks, and screamed as only a woman can.

Then he howled with pain.

His wife, awakened by the noise, discovered where her husband was and raised her voice in lamentation, heaping reproaches upon her faithless spouse. The passengers all got up and demanded an explanation of the commotion, and foremost among them was the bad boy who caused it all.

Then the husband, covered with confusion, (other wise lightly attired) and utterly unable to account for what he had done, climbed down and slunk to his bed where he was soundly lectured for his unfaithfulness.



## 'T WAS EVER THUS.

They Met by Chance---She Loved,  
He Lied, and She Believing,  
Was Ruined.

### A COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT.

"One More Dance," and the Fatal  
Consequences Which  
Followed.

### MY DARLING, REST IN PEACE.

Among the certificates of death filed at the Bureau of Vital Statistics on Monday last was one of a female named Margaret Burgoyne, Quebec, Canada, aged eighteen years. The cause of death was given as "puerperal septicæmia." The certificate had been forwarded from a leading institution in this city situated on Lexington avenue, solely devoted to the cure of women and children. Back of that certificate was a sad tale of woman's love and man's perfidy.

Only twelve months ago Margaret Burgoyne, the only daughter of one of the oldest families in Quebec, while just in the first bloom of blossoming womanhood, made her debut, or rather entree, into the haunts of Quebec society at a reception given at Spencer Lodge by the Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Scarce seventeen, with a face that might have served for one of Raphael's "Glorias," she looked the

#### INCARNATION OF PERFECT INNOCENCE.

Bright golden hair, a fair and open brow, laughing, dark brown eyes, saucy lips that looked like rose buds, a piquante, slightly retrouse nose, and rows of teeth like pearls completed a most attractive picture. Belonging to an ancient family, one, too, that was peculiarly conservative in its rigid adherence to old-fashioned customs and prejudices, Maggie's youth had been passed in such strict seclusion that the outside world was to her an unknown and untraveled land. Her debut amongst the brilliant surroundings of the Lieutenant-Governor's home opened up to her a new vista of possibilities. She was in elysium, and when in the natural course of events she found herself introduced first to one and then to another of the magnificently dressed women and brilliant men, she for the time being was overwhelmed by the uncommonness of her surroundings. Hour after hour passed, and her mother became anxious shortly after midnight to retire, but yielding to her daughter's pleadings consented to remain for "just a little longer," so that her daughter might have "one more dance."

Well would it have been for her had she yielded to her mother's desire instead of remaining. Had she done so, in all human probability this sad story of her life would never have been written. Alas, as Miss Burgoyne left her mother's side she found herself bowing in courtesy to an introduction which was being made by one of those lady friends whose acquaintance she had made but a few hours, who presented to her a gentleman, the Count Julius de Moirence, a French nobleman lately arrived in Quebec, who was staying in the ancient stronghold of his countrymen, so the lady incidentally remarked, "for a few weeks to revive his recollections of his nation's history on Canadian soil." The Count was a handsome man, tall, stately, with crisp, jet-black hair, sparkling eyes of the same color, a sharp aquiline nose, firm set mouth, and

#### LONG CURLING MOUSTACHE.

He seemed to be in the prime of manhood, was easy and agreeable in his manners, well read, had traveled much, and was, in fact, a "perfect man of the world." From the first he seemed to have thrown a glamour over the young girl, who, ere three weeks from their first meeting, had become perfectly intimated with him. They met constantly, and before three months were over had clandestinely become engaged. Urged by the Count to keep the matter of their engagement a secret from her parents, Maggie Burgoyne, after much demurring, consented. The Count's reasons for not wishing even his betrothed's parents to be informed of their engagement were to the young girl's mind sufficient; they were, indeed, plausible enough to have deceived one much more thoroughly versed in the ways of the world, the chief among them being the old-time fabled uncle, the inheritance of whose colossal fortune was dependent upon his marrying some certain fair one selected for him.

Meanwhile the "Count" improved his opportunities, became well known to the "beau monde" of Quebec, lived in the most elegant and costly style, driving fast horses and entertaining liberally. This continued for four or five months. Then one evening there was a serious dispute at the Count's room among certain of those who were there at a late supper party. Some of those present were somewhat roughly handled, pier glasses were smashed and wine decanters and bottles were utilized. The police had at length to be called in, and certain temporary arrests were made. Owing, however, to the high connection of all parties concerned the affair was hushed up, and none of those concerned in it were brought into Court.

After that, the elite of Quebec shunned the Count who shortly found himself ignored.

Then obligations which he had entered into and promissory notes which he had given away were returned. His explanations of the reason of their non-

recognition being plausible were at first, in spite of the covert suspicion which lurked in all minds against him, owing to the discomfiture over the card table at his apartments already alluded to, accepted. Other and

#### MORE STARTLING REVELATIONS

following within a few weeks, however, sufficed to reveal his true character. Before the denouement he had succeeded, though, in obtaining several heavy advances from those with whom he had formerly been on such friendly terms, a d who, though mistrusting him, were yet unable to refuse to "oblige" him when he asked the favor of a loan for a few days until his long-expected remittances should arrive. Having obtained these pecuniary favors from some eight or ten of his friends, the "Count" quietly levanted. Since that time he has been anxiously sought for both in Canada and the United States. It appears that the "Count's" real name is Lottier. He is a native of Alsace, France, and has been mixed up in several large swindling transactions on the continent of Europe. His assumed title and wealth, as well as letters of introduction, which gave him the "pass" into Quebec's "best society," all turned out to be mere creations of his own facile pen and imagination. "Society" was gulled, but "society," rather than admit that it had been imposed upon, chose to suffer in silence. The authorities were communicated with privately, and every exertion made in a quiet way to capture the pseudo Count. He had, unfortunately, been too clever for them, and concealed his trail so carefully that up to the present moment his whereabouts remain undiscovered.

But in the six months that he remained in Quebec the heartless scoundrel had succeeded in not only winning the artless girl's affections, but had also obtained such power over her as to be able to do with her what he willed. With the knowledge of his sudden flight and of her cruel desertion came also another and more terrible revelation. Her a, only and misery, uncontrollable in her first despair, opened her parents' eyes to a knowledge of their child's love for a man wholly unworthy of her, and to the sad reflection that they themselves, hedged and hounded by rules and regulations of a regime long passed away, had been careless of their child, imagining that her young life must be as theirs, placid and undisturbed by any strong current of passion or of love, and neglected to watch and warn her more specifically on the very vortex into which she had unknowingly thrown herself.

Also ere even they had become fully accustomed to the burden their daughter's

#### ILL-FATED LOVE FOR A SCOUNDREL

had forced upon them, another and still more terrible and trying discovery was made. The father, advanced in years, was crushed when he became aware of it. The proud and hitherto unsullied name of the Burgoynes had never been thus tarnished, and that the blot should be placed upon it through the folly of his only child, the one being whom he had idolized for her purity and innocence, was more than the proud old gentleman's haughty spirit could bear. A short illness, followed by death, relieved him from his sufferings. The mother buried her husband, and though overwhelmed with grief prepared with what haste she could to remove her daughter to some place where unknown she might hide herself until such time as she might again be able to face the cruel censorious world. So far none of the friends or acquaintances of the family had had even the faintest suspicion of the terrible misfortune of Maggie Burgoyne, and when it was announced by Mrs. Burgoyne that both she and her daughter were going to travel for a few months no one thought that anything was strange. They left Quebec and came on to New York. Here poor Maggie immediately found refuge within the sheltering arms at the institution already referred to, where she became a private patient, her mother staying with and waiting upon her. Three months elapsed, and then a sickly, feeble child drew breath for the first time. For days the mother lay between life and death. Then an improvement took place, and those who had her under their care thought that she would rally and recover. It was but the transient flicker of the expiring flame of life.

A sudden chill, followed by "puerperal septicæmia," in a few hours ended fair Maggie Burgoyne's sad life. An old gray haired and feeble lady alone was left to clasp her in her fond arms, to cover her cheeks and face with kisses, to weep and mourn in her despair and desolation. Then came the interment in a quiet, shady nook of New York's most favorite burying ground. A mother's tears bedewed the cold earth as it fell on the casket which contained her darling, a mother's hand alone placed a wreath of "forget-me-nots" and immortelles over her grave, a mother's loving hand wove the adieu, "My darling, rest in peace."

### BOUNCING A PAIR OF SPIES.

The Citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., Assert Their Right to Drink as Much as They Please.

[With Portrait.]

The good people—and the bad ones, too—of Bridgeport, Conn., have been enjoying a sensation this past week of a lively character. The temperance portion have quietly waged a war against the liquor dealers, and employed two New Haven detectives to come to their town and obtain evidence upon which to prosecute them. The men selected for this duty were Detectives Ewing and Wells. They succeeded in having three prominent dealers arrested for selling liquor on Sunday, and brought before the court. A number of the friends of the dealers accompanied them to court, fully determined to make the town hot for the spies. And they succeeded admirably. As the detectives came out of the court-house a rush was made for them by the crowd that had collected, and had it not been for the police, they would have been roughly handled. The two were glad to make lively tracks homeward, fully satisfied that Bridgeport was not large enough to hold any one who made a business of spying out their fellows' faults.

## THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies  
and Figures, Specially Prepared for  
Inquisitive Readers.

J. D. GALLAWAY, a notorious character of Northern Texas, claiming to be an Indian herb doctor, died in the negro quarter, in Dallas, Tex., on the 21st ult. He has been married thirteen times; has four wives living, and had twenty-two sons in the Confederate army, ten of whom were killed.

At Calhoun, Ga., a young lady dropped a valuable necklace into a stream of water ten feet deep. Two gallant youths at once proposed to dive for it, and to compensate them she offered her heart and hand to the one who should recover the necklace. Both young men claimed to be the successful one, and the young lady gave her heart to one and her hand to the other.

DEARON JACKSON of St. Louis, called a sister in the church "an old cow." She had him arraigned before a committee, which recommended his suspension; but the majority of the church voted against such punishment. This was the situation when, at a prayer meeting, Deacon Jackson took his accustomed place in the amen corner. The pastor suggested that, under the circumstances, he had better take a back seat. Then Deacons Smith and Bird ejected him, after a violent struggle.

Miss FELD was one of the beauties of Baltimore, she married Eli Elias, a wealthy young merchant, and the wedding was a great social event in that city. A few months ago, after six years of seeming happiness, the wife confessed to her husband that she was in love with another man. He said at once that they must part, and, though she begged hard to stay with him, promising the utmost circumspection of conduct, he insisted upon casting her off. She grew despondent, and wrote imploring letters to him, but he would not see her. At last she committed suicide.

SOME "fun-loving" youth in Madison Co., Ga., having recently attended the hanging of Mack Heupficks, concluded to have an execution of their own, so they caught one of their party, tied a wire around his neck, and hauled him in the air over the limb of a tree. Before their victim was quite dead they cut him down, and the next day the whole party had to answer in court for their rather serious sport. It being shown that they had no intention to commit murder, however, and on account of their youth they were allowed to go their way after a severe reprimand.

A big bully whipped a boy at Lexington, Ky., and on the following day the boy patrolled the street in front of the bully's house, with the handle of a huge pistol protruding from his breast-pocket. The man saw this when he came out, and fled in terror. The boy gave chase, wildly brandishing the weapon, and the fugitive and pursuer went through street after street at the top of their speed, the former calling piteously on the spectators for help. A policeman at length arrested the boy, and then it was discovered that the pistol was not only unloaded but was devoid of a trigger.

STEPHEN ALLEN was so ill at Jacksonport, Miss., that he could hardly stir in bed when he was told that Henry Melville was on his way there to kill him. Melville was known to be desperate and vindictive, and there was good reason to fear that he would carry out his threat. Allen told his young son to stand at the door and endeavor to dissuade Melville from his purpose. The boy begged the assassin not to murder a defenceless invalid, but he forced his way in, drew a knife, seized the sick man by the throat, and raised his weapon to strike. Just then Allen feebly protruded a pistol from under the bedclothes and shot his assailant dead.

THE fashions for girls who elope just now are very plain. Some white drapery, a convenient window, a long ladder, a dark night, a coach, a minister and the house of a friend, and the elopement is over. If the irate father, armed with a double-barreled coach and a town constable, does not pursue, the affair is, although a picturesque, not exactly a successful elopement. If the father of a bride relents within two days, the foolish couple are not happy. It leaks out that the mother of the bride is in the secret, much of the pleasure of the trip is spoiled. If both the father and the mother of the bride are in the secret of her going away, and have actually left the ladder near the window, and that fact is found out, the elopement is a failure. In the olden time the eloping bride packed all her portable goods on herself and went away heavily laden. Now, as she is about to return in a day or two in her lady friend's dress, she goes away quite light.

AN English lady in Birkenhead recently gave her servant notice to leave her house. Before the notice expired there was an alarm of burglars in the house. The domestic roused up her mistress shortly after midnight with the news that two men had broken in, but that she had driven them off. There was a broken pane of glass, an iron bar and she had received a severe blow on the breast. Need it be added that her grateful mistress withdrew the notice to leave, and rewarded the girl with a gratuity of thirty shillings, besides giving her a fortnight's holiday to visit her friends in Ireland! She went on this leave of absence, but when she returned the local constabulary charged her with having got thirty shillings on false pretences. Worse still, the girl admitted that she had "got up" the burglar episode herself, and had arranged the implements and other proofs for greater effect, having been prompted purely by a wish to make her mistress smart for the notice to leave and partly by a craving for a holiday.

## TRAINING FOR THE BALLET.

A Hard Struggle For Fame and Ducats  
Which often Comes to Naught—Teaching  
Supple Limbs to Elevate.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The illusions regarding the stage are passing away with each season. There are many who sit entranced before the footlights and regard the mimic tragedians, lovers, comedians and all the other lines of the theatrical professions as something more than flesh and blood; who consider the actor as a being into whose life nothing but pleasure enters. But could these same credulous people look into the life behind the scenes and see the hard work and the bitter struggles which these apparently happy people have to go through to fit themselves for their duties before the footlights not many would care to change places. There is not one branch of the profession in which great study and perseverance is not required. Probably one of the hardest roles in the business is that of the ballet-dancer. From the time that the pupil commences her first lesson her life is one continued round of fatiguing work. To form a passable danseuse requires at least from ten to twelve years.

She must concentrate her mind wholly on her chosen profession. Commencing at the A B C of leg dging she advances systematically through the various grades, until she is qualified to throw herself gracefully around before the footlights. And even when she has arrived at that point, her whole study and labor may be thrown away by the caprice of the public. She may poise in the most graceful attitudes, elevate her pedal extremities at fearful angles, and yet lack that subtle something which wins the hearts and applause of the audience.

Of late years ballet dancing has not been so popular. The days of the "Black Crook," "Leo and Lotus," "The White Fawn," and such glittering dramas seem to have been numbered. Many supple limbs have become stiffened from inaction whose possession brought their owners plaudits and wealth. But their day may come again, and then their years of labor may be rewarded by golden harvests.

### HOW THEY SMOKE.

"Blowing a Cloud" and the Way the  
Fair Femines do it in Different  
Countries.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is generally conceded that Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco smoking to the male portion of humanity; and he won for himself the gratitude of every one who knows the solid comfort which can be extracted from a draw at a pipe, be it "duggee" or "meercanaun," stinkadora or the finest brand of Havana cigar. Whether the good Queen Bess was the first woman who introduced the habit to her sex the veracious historians who record her life's doings do not say. It is fair to assume that she did not, else she would have been more grateful to her illustrious countryman than to have cut off his head. Concerning such a boon on his kind would have entitled him to great charity for his faults, however numerous. Leaving the question of who was the first woman to practice the habit of smoking aside, it is a fact that it has become very popular with the fair sex, and is indulged in to a greater extent in the various civilized countries than is generally supposed.

In France, Germany, Spain and our own country tobacco is smoked extensively by the female portion, each nationality in their own peculiar way, with a relish equally as great as the men. How the belles of these different nations "blow a cloud" our artist has truthfully represented on another page. Whether the practice may be considered an accomplishment is hard to say. The dear creatures have always claimed that what was "sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander," and *vice versa*, and fair-minded persons will admit that such an argument is a good one from a logical standpoint.

### PASSING THE FAVORS ROUND.

A Happy Bride Insists Upon Kissing  
the Justice who Tied the Knot That  
Made her a Wife.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When Albert Burmeister, a grocer's clerk of Washington street, Brooklyn, was taken before Justice Bloom, Thursday, on a charge of having betrayed Christina Jansen, a Swedish girl, he said that he was ready to marry his former sweetheart. The Justice told them to stand up and he performed the ceremony. The girl was so happy that she sprang to the side of the Justice, threw her arms around his neck, and imprinted several kisses upon his cheek. The Justice made much amusement by attempting to dodge the girl's kisses, but she was persistent until she had amply rewarded him. The girl innocently said that she thought that it was the custom of the country to kiss the person who performed the marriage ceremony.

### A Warning to Girls.

Miss Emma Androvetti, aged twenty-two, daughter of Cornelius Androvetti, a well-to-do carpenter, who some months ago eloped from Hoboken, N. J., with Dr. William Hunter, having a wife and several children, has returned to her father's home. About one month ago Mr. Androvetti received a letter from his daughter Emma, dated Cuba, stating that Dr. Hunter had deserted her, leaving her in destitute circumstances and asking for money to pay her passage home. Mr. Androvetti, believing that the letter was a ruse of Dr. Hunter's to get money, and that it was written at his dictation, concluded not to forward any money. He was not a little surprised at his daughter arriving home on Saturday night last. She told her father that she had been compelled to beg her way home.









## MODERN MERMAIDS AND MERMEN AT THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

"LET THE WIDE WORLD WAG AS IT WILL, WE'LL BE GAY AND FRISKY STILL."—"WONDER IF THE OLD FOLKS WILL MISS US AT HOME?"—CARELESS GIRLS AND GALLANT LADS DEFYING OLD SOL—RECOMMENDED TO SWELTERING, SUN-SCORCHED HUMANITY AS THE BEST WAY TO KEEP COOL.—DRAWN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE BY MATT MORGAN.—SEE PAGE 2.



## ONE MORE.

Riding With Fire and Seeking  
Relief by Plunging into  
the Waters of the  
Sound.

### A FATAL PLEASURE TRIP.

A Brave Captain Who Held Her  
Nozzle Agin the Bank.

### SCENES OF DEATH AND HORROR.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The steamboat Seawanhaka steamed out from her pier 24 East River, at 4 o'clock on the 28th ult. On her decks were many passengers bound for Sea Cliff, Sand's Point, Glen Cove, Roslyn, and other points on Long Island. She touched at the foot of East Thirty-third street, where she received other passengers. She is licensed to carry 1,300 passengers, but it is not thought that when she left the foot of Thirty-third street she had on board more than three hundred. Among them were many merchants and other business men, going to their summer residences on Long Island. Many of these persons had their families with them. A glance at the passengers showed that they were, for the most part, well-to-do city or country people. Among them were several gentlemen prominent in business circles or in their professions. The weather was so warm that a large number sought the forward part of the boat to catch the breeze. That they did so proved to be a very fortunate circumstance. The boat ran pleasantly up past Blackwell's Island. Just as she passed Hallett's Point—made memorable by Gen. Newton's explosion of its submerged reef several years ago—there was a notification of danger that is variously described by the passengers. Some say there was an explosion which they distinctly felt and heard. Others say that there was a

#### STRANGE LIFTING OF THE DECK

as if by a gentle pressure, followed by a hissing noise as if steam were escaping. All agreed, however, that a few moments afterward flames were seen in the neighborhood of the engine room. There flames arose like magic, and quickly formed an impassable barrier between the fore and after parts of the boat. It is known that the engineer was seen in the pilot house a short time after the accident, whither, it is supposed, he went to report to the Captain that he could not stay in the engine room. Whatever may have been the cause of the explosion, if there was one, it is certain that the boilers remained intact, for the wheels kept moving. The Captain, Charles P. Smith, decided at once that it would be useless to try to fight the flames. He did not even quit the pilot house to make an inspection of the danger. Apparently, he relied on the report of his engineer. About him the shores of Hell Gate were guarded with sunken rocks and bounded by abrupt banks. Less than half a mile ahead of him was a low-lying marshy island called Sunken Meadows. Captain Smith believed he could rely on his unattended boilers and engines to push him forward upon the island. He kept the boat headed to the nearest point of the marsh. The flames were nearly under him. He heard the

#### SHRIEKS OF THE PASSENGERS

but to his mind there was but one duty. His pilot was not on board, and he could leave the wheel to no one else. It was a critical race with the progress of the fire, and the fire was gaining. The advance of the boat drove heat, flames and smoke aft. This forced most of those in the after part of the boat to leap into the water. Some of these swam to Ward's Island, which is nearly opposite but a little above Hallett's Point. Those who were in the fore part of the boat were able to remain longer, and most of these did not leap into the water until the prow of the burning vessel was driven forty feet up on to the Sunken Meadows. Then Captain Smith, terribly burned, hurried from the pilot house, and assisted women and children down to the land, and aided others who had leaped into the water to reach the shore.

Many were seen to drown. How many were lost cannot be closely estimated. It could not have been less than twenty, and it was probably not more than seventy-five.

#### CAPTAIN SMITH'S STATEMENT.

Captain Charles P. Smith, who commanded the Seawanhaka, lay in a private room in the hospital on Randall's Island. The captain is a large and stout man, and naturally of a florid color. But his face, as a result of the burning it had received, was swollen to nearly double its ordinary size, and reddened to one angry hue. Oil-soaked bandages covered the greater part of his face, the upper part of his body and his arms and hands. The captain appeared not to heed the great pain he must have suffered, and spoke cheerily:

"I can remember," he said, "only that we were opposite the entrance to Little Hell Gate at about 4:50, when I heard a dull, heavy explosion and felt a strong jar under me. I was in the pilot house, at the wheel, with an assistant, our regular pilot being at work on a propeller belonging to the line. Almost as soon as I felt the jar fire burst through the hurricane deck, and spread like a train of gunpowder backward and forward. The passengers began to run wildly to and fro on the lower decks, and I shouted to them to

be quiet, and all would yet be well. But the flames spread, and the passengers

#### BECAME MORE EXCITED.

We were at the point of the Sunken Meadows, nearly opposite Randall's Island. I might have turned the Seawanhaka's head toward the shore of the island, but I knew that rocky ledges slope out into the water at unexpected places, and I would not get far enough in shore to save most of my passengers. I felt that the only place where I could possibly beach the Seawanhaka with surety was the meadows. I turned the Seawanhaka's head straight as a die for the meadows. I held on to the wheel, and kept calling to the passengers below to get forward, if possible, and stick to the boat. But, though I was directing my whole attention to the meadows, looking out for the lowest and marshiest spot, I could see that some of the passengers, in their fright, took to the water. Seeing this, I redoubled my cries to all below to keep as much forward as possible, because the draught made by the boat's motion swept the flame backward, and not to jump overboard. The Seawanhaka obeyed her helm to a charm, and swept onward toward the meadows. I picked out the spot where I saw the beach lying lowest, and bore down upon it. The Seawanhaka grated upon the thick undergrowth and almost leaped upon the beach. She rose out of the water until her paddle-wheels were high and dry. Then the passengers on the low leaped down into the yielding marsh and clambered up to dry land. Those at the stern jumped overboard and swam to the beach, or were picked up by the small boats that came from the New York shore or Randall's Island. I do not recollect clearly how I got ashore, but I soon found myself in the kindly hands of the doctors from Randall's Island."

#### A THRILLING DESCRIPTION.

Mr. Mitchell, one of the passengers, thus describes the burning. We left Thirty-third street on time, and everything seemed to be going along quietly, until all of a sudden, the Seawanhaka gave a series of loud groanings, followed by thuds. The passengers noticed these, and everybody seemed to ask the other "What's that?" I was at the time sitting in the main cabin. I at once walked out to the bow of the boat, and I then saw Captain Smith standing in the pilot house. He was blowing alarm signals. I knew they were alarm signals, from my knowledge of steamers. Suspecting at once that there was danger threatened I returned to my friends. As I passed directly amidships I saw smoke issuing through the cracks of the main saloon leading from the engine room to the pilot house. Then I knew that the boat was on fire, and I rushed to the Long Island side of the boat to see what chances there were for saving my friends if the worse came to the worse. I noticed that the captain was steering the Seawanhaka to the Granite City, which was coming up, and was lying to. At the same moment, I saw a thin, long, white tongue of flame shooting up to the upper decks. I knew then that the Granite City could not assist us. The Granite City evidently guessed as much, for she turned around, and the Seawanhaka was gone. I sprang to the New York side of the boat. This was at the moment the Seawanhaka was just between Randall's Island and Ward's Island. At that very moment the flames shot upward, and the boat was afire. A great number of the male passengers at this very moment came running up to the bow of the boat. Many of them seemed frantic, and all had life preservers on. Some, indeed, had more than one on. At that time the men passengers who had life preservers began jumping into the water, and swimming to shore. They kept steering the boat to the bar opposite Randall's Island. There the water is low, and the bar is covered with grass. As the Seawanhaka touched the bar the flames burst all over the boat, and before I knew it I was surrounded by flames. Then it was that I sprang overboard. Just as I did so, an old lady, the mother of the freight clerk, ran up to a gentleman and exclaimed:

#### "FOR GOD'S SAKE, SIR, HELP ME!"

I am old, and cannot save myself." The gentleman pushed her back, saying: "This is not a moment to save; it is every one for himself," and he leaped overboard. I called out to the old lady, "If you will jump overboard I will save you." Her dress at that moment was afire. She jumped into the water at the very moment I did, and I caught her. I was swimming to shore with her when one of the officers of the boat came toward me and we landed her safely. After resting a few minutes, being a good swimmer, I took off my clothes and, with two preservers, I swam back to the boat. When I got there I saw a young lady standing with her father on the burning steamer. It was the same one we had noticed coming aboard leading him. She was shrieking, "Save my father! Save my poor father." She had her arm around his neck, but he seemed to cling firmly to a pillar. It was the most heart-rending sight I ever witnessed. The old man clung to the post, while his daughter tried all she could to drag him away. At that moment she seemed to be surrounded by fire, and the old man's clothing was burning. He seemed paralyzed and unable to move. I and others called to the girl to jump into the water, that we would save both. She did not seem to know what to do until at last her dress caught fire. She sprang at her father, kissed him, and the moment afterward she struck the side of the boat, and fell limp in the water. I caught her by the hair and struck out. I got assistance, but as we turned to the boat we saw the poor old man still there. The man who was assisting me threw up his hands, and went down. I got the young lady ashore, and she was at once taken to the Randall's Island Hospital. She did not see her father die. I swam again to the boat. This time found a lady throwing up her hands, and caught hold of her, and, with assistance, took her to the shore. Dr. Carroll of Randall's Island swam out and picked up a child. The poor little thing was dead and terribly burned. Among the first I saw die were two little children, who were running in the main cabin with their clothes ablaze. Someone threw them into the water, and I know they were lost."

It is not known precisely how many were lost. The number is estimated between forty and one hundred.

### A HAUNTED CAVE.

Ghosts, Weird Lights, and Other Mysterious Things Which Exist in an Ohio Cave.

A writer in the Cleveland, O., Herald thus describes a queer spot in that state:

Your correspondent having heard certain rumors of the existence of a haunted cave and a buried treasure in the vicinity of Mount Nebo Station, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, about six miles from Youngstown, yesterday visited the place in company with several others. Being directed to the gentleman who owns the land on which the haunted cave is situated, the party hied themselves thither. The gentleman, who lives about half a mile south of the station, was found and questioned as to the authenticity of the report concerning the cave. He at first was quite reticent on the subject, but finally, being pressed hard by the anxious news man, led the way to the cavern, relating on the way the following particulars:

Many years ago, when the country in the vicinity of Mount Nebo was but sparsely settled, two men, one a peddler and the other a friend of his, camped one cold winter's night in a cave. The peddler had been to this part of the country on a trading expedition and was returning to the east on foot, with \$13,000—quite an amount of money in those days—that he had realized from his venture. The money he carried in a leather belt that encircled his waist, and it consisted entirely of gold coin. His companion was well aware of this, and concocted a plan to rob, and if necessary, murder the peddler. Accordingly, on the night in question, after the peddler had gone to sleep, his friend stole up to him and tried to disengage the belt from around his waist. His efforts awoke the peddler, who immediately on becoming conscious of the presence of the villain, grappled with him. The would-be murderer drawing a knife plunged it again and again into the body of his victim. Then securing the money, he

#### BURNED THE CORPSE IN THE CAVE

and hid the money in the floor of the cavern six feet from the grave of the peddler. Not waiting for daylight he struck across the country in the direction of Cleveland. The night was bitterly cold and the snow deep and soft. He was unable to proceed very far on account of a numbness in his feet. He reached a settler's, where it was found that both his feet were frozen. A surgeon was sent for and amputated both the members. From that time to the day of his death he was the inmate of various almshouses and the object of private charity. He kept his dreadful secret locked in his own breast, and revealed it to no one till on his death bed in Cleveland, some twenty years ago, when he made his niece his confidant.

That lady with her husband, who, by the way, was in rather straitened circumstances, visited Mount Nebo and was able to find the cave by means of certain marks the murderer had left on the trees in its immediate vicinity. But now an almost insurmountable obstacle stood in the way. The cave had fallen in, and thirty tons of rock rested on the grave of the murdered man and on the buried treasure. Thoroughly disheartened, and without means of prosecuting the search, the niece and her husband returned to Cleveland. From that time to the present various efforts have been put forth to unearth the hidden treasure, but all endeavors have proved fruitless. Some years ago a gentleman who claimed to be a "medium," visited the spot. He was gone from the house of his host but a short time when he returned with his clothes torn and his face terribly lacerated. According to his statement, he was approaching the cave and was crossing a grassy plot that over looks it, when he felt himself raised with irresistible force and dashed to the rocky bed of the stream.

He was "impressed" that if he stayed and searched for the gold some one would be

#### KILLED INSIDE OF A FEW DAYS.

So he left. A gentleman from Youngstown, with commendable nerve and courage, visited the cave at the dead of night, and was peering into the crevices of the rock when a ghostly, wavering light suddenly appeared, having its source, apparently, under the mass of debris. He left, too. A party of gentlemen from Youngstown built a fire near the cave one autumn night, with the intention of searching for the gold at midnight, and were warning their hands on one side of the fire when they were startled by seeing a man standing on the opposite side gazing at them intently. Immediately afterward he vanished into space. They left rather precipitously.

By the time the narrative was concluded, the party had arrived at the haunted cavern. A pile of rocks and rubbish was all that was to be seen of the cave. Excavations have been made which extend far back under and through the rock. The host informed the correspondent that he himself had found human bones not far from the cave, which, he had no doubt, once belonged to the murdered peddler. It is a singular fact that the trees surrounding the old cave are in a state of premature decay, presenting much the appearance of having been scorched by fire.

The facts above can be authenticated by any of the residents of Mt. Nebo. The gentleman who owns the cave desired his name suppressed, solely for the reason that his time is taken up by his daily duties, and he does not wish to be bothered by treasure-seekers and inquiring correspondents.

### A BOLD, BAD MAN.

How in Female Attire He Becomes the Dress Fitter in the Hub's Aristocratic Circles.

A year ago a fashionable dressmaker of the Hub employed an attractive young woman whose speciality it was to call at the residences of her customers and cut and fit their dresses. Miss Annie, as she was called, became a great favorite, and no dress was considered complete unless it had the touch of her artistic fingers in "taking in" here and "letting

out" there. It was noted that she had a note book which she handled as deftly as Julian Hardy, the reporter in "Fatinista," and was constantly making memorandums of batting and whalebone required to fill out the ideal curves and irregularities of surface constituting the highest type of a full-dressed beauty. These memorandums, he explained, were necessary to prevent his losing his recollection of any sudden inspirations as to the delicate insertion of a gusset, or the bold cutting of a shoulder piece on the bias. The business of the employing dressmaker who had the good fortune of employing Miss Annie increased rapidly.

It became a test of true culture among Boston ladies to have their dresses made exclusively at her establishment, and the result was an apparent increase of Bostonian beauty, both in breadth and thickness, without much increase in weight. One dark and dreadful day that will long be remembered by the patronesses of Miss Annie, each of the ladies received at home one of her cards, and was told that a young gentleman wished to see them in the parlor. Each lady had an interview with the young man who was instantly recognized as the hitherto Miss Annie, and was of course, terribly surprised. The wicked young man who had successfully masqueraded as a dressmaker's assistant explained with much apparent penitence that he had been detected and discharged and that his sole desire was to hide himself in California. To do this money was required, and he presented a small bill for materials which he had furnished at his own expense. Cotton was charged for at the rate of \$3 a pound, and whalebone at \$5. On the payment of the bill he would instantly send from his note-book a memoranda relating to her dresses and depart on the first train for the Pacific slope. The story goes that he made a complete round of his former customers, and that his collections exceeded \$1,000 from his terrified fair ones.

### SHOOTING A LUNATIC.

A Question of Life or Death Settled by an Ounce of Cold Lead—A Shot That Was Necessary.

John Milton Murray, an escaped negro lunatic, from the Suffolk County Asylum, at Yaphank, L. I., was shot and killed on Saturday night last, by Alonzo Chappel, the artist, who is summing with his family at Artist lake, a beautiful spot, about five miles north of Yaphank. On Saturday afternoon Keeper Sweezy of the asylum allowed Murray to take a bath. A few minutes after 6 o'clock the keeper missed him from the premises. In company with Assistant Keeper Wheeler, Keeper Sweezy at once started out to look for Murray. They soon learned that he had been seen going in a northeast direction, on a lively run, carrying an iron pail. The keeper procured a bloodhound to keep them on the track of the runaway. On arriving at the residence of Mr. Chappel, at the lake, they were shocked to learn that Murray had been shot dead. The particulars of the shooting, as elicited at the inquest held on Sunday by Coroner Chapin of Patchogue, are as follows:

When Murray reached Mr. Chappel's premises, Mrs. Chappel was on the veranda and Mr. Chappel was in his room in the second story of his residence. Murray approached the house noiselessly, and was quite near to Mrs. Chappel before she saw him. Mrs. Chappel became much frightened, as she believed Murray to be a tramp. She asked him what he wanted and whether he wished something to eat, to which he replied in a savage way that he wanted nothing; and, as he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon her, she became impressed with the belief that he intended to spring upon her. As Murray approached nearer, declaring that he would not go away, as he had come to stay, Mrs. Chappel went to her husband's room and told him that there was an ill-looking black man in the garden, who refused to go away. Mrs. Chappel cautioned her husband, who has for some time been in poor health, to put his pistol in his pocket, as the man was very powerful and ugly.

When Mr. Chappel confronted Murray in the garden he recognized him, and told him to go back to the institution, as the keeper was looking for him. Murray said that he would not go, and that he proposed to remain where he was. At this, Mr. Chappel, thinking to frighten Murray, drew his pistol and fired a shot over Murray's head. It did not have the desired effect. Murray said: "If you lay a hand on me I'll kill you," at the same time shaking his fist at Mr. Chappel.

Murray approached Mr. Chappel, and when within five feet of him raised the iron pail above his head as if to strike. At this, Mr. Chappel discharged his pistol, and Murray staggered and fell dead over the pail, without uttering a word. John Risley, a neighbor, arrived on the scene just as the shot was fired. Dr. Preston of Amityville, who made a post mortem examination, found that the ball had passed directly through the heart, striking the sixth rib and lodging in the back, so that it could not be extracted. The jury found a verdict that Murray came to his death from a pistol-shot wound inflicted by Alonzo Chappel in self-defence.

Murray, who was regarded as a violent patient, had been in the asylum for four years. Mr. Chappel is very much grieved over the unfortunate affair.

### THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

A Young Lady Marries a Thief in Prison

(Subject of Illustration.)

Lawrence House, a Cincinnati thief, was put on trial. Dora Belle Thorpe was a witness. The prisoner was handsome, and Dora, in spite of his disgrace, fell in love with him on sight. He was convicted and sentenced to three years in the state prison. She visited him in jail, before his removal, and their courtship proceeded so rapidly that at the third interview a clergyman was called in to perform a marriage ceremony. Their hands were joined through the grating of the groom's cell.



## SATAN'S DIARY.

With a List of a Few of the  
Candidates Entered as Wor-  
thy of Being Members  
of His Numerous  
Family.

### PRODIGAL EMMA COMES BACK.

Skiping Away With a Doctor  
and Begging Her Way Home  
Hungry and Dead Broke.

### A DYED-IN-THE WOOL RUFFIAN.

Mrs. Keiser Loves, is Scorned, and  
Tries to Murder, and Finally  
Dies by Her Own  
Hand.

### JEALOUSY ON THE RAMPAGE.

Armetta Clay Sues for Damage to  
Her Reputation and Gets  
Fixed.

### STABBED BY A DRUNKARD.

#### LEFT IN PEACE.

Charles H. Smith, of Concord, Mich., married the divorced wife of Joseph Johnson. The latter failed to appreciate Smith's obligingness, and threatened to make it hot for him, and he did by burning his barn. Now the county court has found Johnson guilty of arson, and he must serve a term in state's prison.

#### ROBBERY AND RAPE.

A couple of masked ruffians entered the house of a lady at Waterloo, Iowa, early on the morning of the 23d ult., flourishing revolvers, robbed her of all the valuables they could find, and, to crown their villainy, one of them forcibly violated her person. Subsequently they robbed another residence, and made good their escape.

#### A STORY THAT IS WEAK.

Oury Billmire disappeared from Baltimore, last October, with \$600 belonging to the church of which he was treasurer. His wife received a letter from him a few days ago, in which he told a marvelous tale of being kidnapped, robbed, and put on board a sailing vessel bound for California. Whether he is a lunatic, rascal, or a truthful victim is a question.

#### A LASCIVIOUS CUSS.

AKRON, O., June 28.—Saturday evening Godfrey Emiling was arrested for attempting rape upon Victoria Stewart, aged nine years, the daughter of A. E. Stewart. It is alleged that during the absence of his wife in the east he has induced several girls into his house by giving them candy, and has made attempts to carnally know them. He had a preliminary hearing this morning, and was bound over in the sum of \$200.

#### A SEDUCTIVE ACTOR.

Last week Daniel Beedle, a "burnt cork" artist, induced Bertha Rousch, a stage-struck damsel of fourteen, to leave her home in Madison, Ind., and follow him. They were traced by telegram to Cincinnati, and were found playing an engagement at the "Zoo." Saturday evening a representative of the Jefferson county sheriff arrived and took the fair Bertha under his wing for return to her parents. Daniel was not molested, as it was not shown that the girl had been harmed by him.

#### THE BEST WAY.

Major John Strother and Captain Manly Brown quarreled at Warrenton, Va., until they were angry enough to desire a duel. A meeting was arranged for the following day. The principals and seconds were promptly on the ground, but the Major declared that he had no weapon. This caused delay, and at length a pistol fell out of his pocket. Thereupon the Captain accused him of seeking to avoid a fight. The Major resented the charge with a blow, and a hard fight with fists ensued, the Major being whipped and honor satisfied.

#### STABBED IN THE HEART.

Cornelius Mayer, a well known glass manufacturer of Brooklyn, was murdered in the streets of Williamsburgh, after attending the opening of a saloon he had just started for a nephew. He left for home and was pestered at by rowdies, and he ordered them to clear out. They then assaulted Mayer and his foreman, who had accompanied him, and Mayer received two

mortal wounds in the breast, from which he soon died. The assailants fled, but were captured. One of them, Frank Marley, was identified by the foreman as the one who stabbed Mayer.

#### WOUND UP WITH A FIGHT.

A widower and a widow were engaged to be married in Bristol, R. I. She had agreed to provide the wedding entertainment, and she did so with extreme liberality. Five hundred guests, including the Common Council as an unofficial body, assembled at the appointed time, but the bridegroom did not come. The assembly drank immoderately, and then, for amusement, drunk ice cream and pie at the minister. An expedition to discover the widower resulted in the shattering of all the windows in his house, and finally the police made a score of arrests.

#### SENSATIONAL BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., June 30.—Circuit Court has been session here the past week. Very few important cases on the docket. The sensational trial of the term thus far was the suit of Armetta Clay vs. Wm. Garvey for seduction and breach of marriage promise. It seems from the evidence that the parties had cohabited together as man and wife for some time, a child being the fruit, he all the time promising to marry her; but he finally deserted her and married another woman, and for this the suit was brought. The jury gave the plaintiff a verdict of \$3,500. As usual, a large crowd was present to hear the disgusting details given in the evidence.

#### MURDERED BY A JEALOUS LOVER.

ELKHART, Ind., June 28.—Yesterday afternoon George Elliott, a young man, borrowed a pistol from a friend in the street, went back to his mother's house and called Miss Mary Darcy, to whom he was engaged to be married, into a bed-room, saying that he had something to tell her, locked the door and began firing at her. She fell after the second shot, and he then placed the revolver to his own head and shot himself dead. Miss Darcy recovered consciousness, but physicians pronounce her case hopeless. Elliott was insanely jealous, and was also given to drink. He had seen another young man walking with Miss Darcy in the afternoon, and this was the immediate cause of his act.

#### GO, AND SIN NO MORE.

The second trial of the Rev. Hoyt E. Hunt, the Methodist Protestant minister who was indicted for an inhuman assault upon his eleven-year-old stepson, Abner Jones, was ended on the 30th ult. in the Kings County Court of Sessions, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty. Mr. Hunt, who is about thirty-one years old, has been in Raymond street jail for over two months. He was tried once before, but the jury disagreed. The defence was that the charge was the result of a conspiracy formed between his stepchildren and his wife to get rid of him. The jury's verdict was a surprise to Assistant District Attorney Wernberg and the court officials. One of the jurymen said: "We thought that if he had sinned once, we would say to him Go, and sin no more." Mr. Hunt's portrait appeared recently in the GAZETTE.

#### MADE HER SHUT UP.

Two prisoners confined in the Geneva (Ill.) Jail escaped from there last week. Rachel Westgarth, the housekeeper, was, by their solicitation, bringing them a pail of water. When she had opened the first iron door she found one on each side. They immediately seized her and threw her down, pressing heavily on her chest and choking her at the same time. They then drew her into the wash-room and tied a cloth over her head, almost suffocating her. They then left her. She soon removed the cloth from her head and gave the alarm, which brought the prisoners back. They then opened the last cistern in the wash-room and threatened to throw her in if she did not keep quiet, which she did. They then fled. The sheriff was absent at the time, but returned soon after, and is now with a posse of men in search of them.

#### FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

A runaway couple were married in the city of Danville, Ill., recently, named Frank McCormack, aged thirty-three years, and Arretta Clifton, who swore her age was eighteen years, but whose appearance would indicate her age to be sixteen or seventeen years. They hailed from Champaign county, near Penfield, and left the girl's home the night before at 10 o'clock, after having retired as usual, so as to awaken no suspicion, and walked twenty-one miles before they were able to board a train bound for Danville. McCormack had been working for his wife's father and at the same time working into the good graces of the idolized and only daughter of the household. He hired here as a harvest hand a short time after the marriage, and got beastly drunk before leaving for the country. There will doubtless be blood spilled when the irate father comes up with his son-in-law.

#### A CHILD RAVISHER.

Manuel Enos, a young Portuguese ruffian, of Erie, Pa., on June 25th waylaid Mary Fratis, a respectable young girl aged thirteen, as she was going to school, and requested her to accompany him through an adjoining field of oats, where he said there was a turkey's nest. The child followed him in the hope of securing a young turkey, when half way across the field the young fiend made propositions to the child which frightened her and she attempted to run away. He seized her and flung her down in the oats and attempted to ravish her. He had partially succeeded in his scheme when some railroad men came up and scared him off. Before skipping he snatched up Mary's dinner, and when he was arrested he was munching it with great enjoyment. Since the arrest it is charged that he has waylaid other girls, and it is feared, with greater success. Bertha North, a seven year old child, testified that he had taken her into the same field.

#### SHE LOVED AND SUICIDED.

CANTON, O., June 28.—Friday night, at Paris, this county, Mrs. Keiser, a grass-widow of Hardin county, Ohio, attempted to murder Will Ziegler, and, supposing that she had succeeded, committed suicide. The circumstances of the tragedy are as follows: Last summer Mrs. Keiser, who is said to be a beautiful

woman, visited the Zeiglers, distant relatives, and fell in love with Will Zeigler. She returned home in the fall, but last Saturday arrived again in Paris, heavily veiled, and stopped with the Zeiglers. Shortly after her arrival, she said Will had got to redeem his promise. Friday morning she wanted to start home, and wanted Will to drive her to the railroad at Louisville. He refused, and sent his brother. At Louisville she purchased a revolver, and returned to the Zeiglers, secreting herself in Will's room. When he came in she shot at him without effect. She then shot herself in the forehead, and died immediately. Zeigler is the son of a minister. It is claimed he promised to marry Mrs. Keiser. The affair causes great excitement.

#### FICKLE FRANK.

Mrs. Jessie Bateman, wife of Frank M. Bateman, a well known hotel man and dancing teacher of Bloomington, Ill., filed a bill for divorce in the circuit court in that city, alleging that Frank had been unfaithful to his marriage vows and guilty of adultery with various women of Bloomington, where the Batemans have for years been prominent. The complainant was formerly Miss Jessie Wakefield, a bright light in the city's best society. She married Bateman about four years ago, the wedding taking place in the presence of a throng of society people of the place. The story goes that the cause of the complaint is Bateman's recent close attention to a petite, buxom, and pretty maid who has been one of his dancing pupils, though friends of both assert that their friendship has been purely Platonic. It is understood in Bloomington that Bateman will consent to a separation and not contest the suit. Mrs. Bateman was the heiress to considerable property before her marriage, and her attorneys at the time of her union arranged it so that her property could not be diverted from her for ten years.

#### THREE JUVENILE GALLOWS BIRDS.

George W. Mann, G. A. Ohr and John Sammit were hanged at Canton, Ohio, on the 25th ult. Mann and Ohr suffered death for the murder of John Watmaugh. The murder was committed June 27, 1879, in a grove near Alliance, Ohio. The victim was an aged man, residing in Philadelphia, but who had walked to Illinois to visit friends, and was returning the same way. He had fallen in with his murderers, and had given them of his little store of money to buy food and drink. He had, when killed, only five dollars and a silver watch. John Sammit, a boy of seventeen years, was convicted of murdering C. ris Spuhler, a boy of sixteen, who was an important witness against him in a trial for grand larceny. Sammit was tried on the burglary charge, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He was then brought out of the penitentiary and tried for murder, and sentenced. Much excitement was created in Canton by the unusual event of a triple execution, and the governor ordered five companies of military to preserve the peace. All the saloons were ordered to be closed. The execution, according to the law of the state, was private. Death was almost instantaneous, and without apparent pain. No disorder occurred, although there was a vast number of people outside the jail, where the execution took place. None of the murderers had reached twenty-one years of age.

#### RELEASED AND REARRESTED.

SCRANTON, Pa., June 29.—Four years ago U. L. Lenheim, who had been the trusted cashier of the First National Bank at Montrose, startled the community by endeavoring to pass a forged check for \$10,000 on a New York banking-house. He was arrested and sentenced to four years' imprisonment in Sing Sing. His disgrace led to an investigation of his accounts by the bank officers at Montrose, whose implicit confidence he had hitherto enjoyed, and they discovered that he had robbed the bank of various large amounts. His term of imprisonment to satisfy the violated law of New York expired at Sing Sing on Sunday last, and he was met at the prison door by Sheriff McKune, of Susquehanna county, Pa., who was armed with papers necessary for his removal to Montrose, where there are eight indictments awaiting him. The sheriff is expected to arrive with Lenheim to-morrow morning. The release of the forger from New York and the prospects of his speedy conviction in his native county have renewed public interest in his case, the progress of which will be watched eagerly. The present prosecutions are brought against him by the First National Bank, through its attorney, A. G. Geritson. Prior to his disgrace, Lenheim was regarded as an exemplary young man, and the story of his irregularities became known, there was a good deal of sympathy for his family, who have always borne a good name.

#### A BIG FALL.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., June 29.—Emery B. Morey, of this city, has been tried and convicted of forgery, in the circuit court. He confessed having signed the name of the late A. L. Clark to blank slips of paper, but claimed and swore he did so under legal advice. Morey has for some time been awaiting trial, which was repeatedly adjourned, and expressed a desire to have the case settled, one way or the other. He has felt confident that when the case came to trial he would be acquitted and discharged. The verdict of the jury, which was rendered in ten minutes, was a crushing blow to him, and made still more painful from the fact that he will receive sentence on Tuesday. The next day is set for the marriage of his daughter Alice, a handsome and accomplished young lady, well known in Battle Creek. Morey was at one time in good circumstances, and an extensive dealer in real estate. He owned a valuable farm near St. Mary's Lake, and was recently a prominent merchant and built a number of houses in this city. There are many sad circumstances connected with his history during the past few years, which make his career a deplorable one, and illustrate the ups and downs of man's life. Other parties are identified with the case, and it is claimed by some that a conspiracy was formed against Morey, who is now in the county jail awaiting sentence. It is reported that an attempt will be made to secure him a new trial.

#### TEXAS JUSTICE.

DENISON, Texas, June 28.—News reached here to-day from Cedar Mills, this county, to the effect that a Chickasaw Indian named Overton Reil, was shot and killed near that point Friday last. Reil murdered his wife near their home in the Territory last winter, and has been guilty of other atrocities, one of his victims being an Indian about eighteen years old. Two brothers of the wounded boy were here Friday, and followed Reil when he started home. A few hours later Reil was found with three pistol balls in his head.

#### WAS IT MURDER?

GREEN SPRINGS, O., June 28.—The village of Green Springs is at present in a furor of excitement over the alleged poisoning of Jacob J. Lischy, who died suddenly after a brief illness, March 6th last. The circumstances are briefly that the deceased was insured in the Mutual Protective Association of Norwalk, and the agent of which, during his investigations, heard rumors that made him suspect foul play. The officials of the Company came here on Friday last and had the remains exhumed and the stomach sent to Columbus for analyzing. An inquest was commenced, and the fact of the family having purchased strychnine the night preceding his death was disclosed. Therein the inquest was adjourned until July 12th, pending the analysis.

Your correspondent interviewed the widow of the deceased, and she admits the purchase of the poison, but claims that it was to kill rats. The physician of whom she procured it says the family had frequently obtained poison of him before. The case is at present shrouded in mystery, and the good standing of the accused widow augments the excitement.

#### WHAT WHISKY DID.

A frightful murder occurred in Philadelphia, Pa., on the morning of June 28th. The dead man was found in the street and the only version of the crime comes from the man who committed the assault. The dead man's name was Benjamin Shawcross, and he was a nurseryman out on the Derby road. McGovern, when arrested for the crime, said that he was sitting on the steps on Ninth street when Shawcross came along and struck him in the face, resulting in a row, and during which he used his knife. Those who were present when the man was picked up say the two men were seen struggling, and as a car approached, one of them ran, with the other in close pursuit; both crossed the car track, and when Shawcross reached the pavement of his house he fell. The passengers got out of the car and saw McGovern standing over him. The impression was that the assaulted man had simply been struck, but, when an examination was made, it was found that he had been stabbed three times in the left side, just above the hip. He was picked up, placed upon a stretcher and carried to the house adjoining the pavement where he lay. Then he was recognized as Benjamin Shawcross, formerly a tailor, in the employ of Mattson & Dilkes, 1,346 Chestnut street, but at present a nurseryman. He died almost immediately. All this time McGovern was a cool spectator, and when an officer placed his hands upon him, he said, "Don't touch me; I have done nothing. I won't let any man strike me." While standing there a bystander noticed that McGovern closed a penknife and put it in his pocket, with the remark, "I'm not the man to arrest; that man is the one to arrest." It was soon after discovered that Shawcross was stabbed, and then McGovern was taken to the Sixth district station house, where the blood-covered knife was taken from his pocket. There he insisted that Shawcross struck him in the face while sitting on the steps. Shawcross has resided at the house on Ninth street, above Filbert, for the past fifteen years, and those who know him say that he was a quiet, inoffensive man. He was a widower and was fifty years of age. He was returning from a visit to a married son who resides in West Philadelphia. Of his subsequent movements nothing is known. Edward McGovern is the son of Edward McGovern, a china dealer in Market street, near Ninth. At the time of the affray he was in liquor.

#### TAKING A DROP.

Jimmy Elliott, the Prize-Fighter, Goes into the Burglary Biz, and Gets Nabbed.

#### [With Portraits.]

Jimmy Elliott who had some little fame as a pugilist has come to grief in a rather shameful way. A short time ago he met Johnny Dwyer in the ring in a fight for the heavy-weight championship of America, and was whipped after a very short struggle. He evidently made up his mind after this event that his fortune did not lie in this line, and turned his talents to burglary. On Monday his career at this trade was nipped by his arrest while attempting to enter a saloon in this city on Henry street kept by Cornelius Clark. His companion in this venture was the well-known thief named George Livingston, alias Cully, of whom a portrait was given in a recent issue of the GAZETTE. Both of them were captured in the cellar beneath the saloon, and had in their possession a set of new burglars' tools, showing that they had gone into the business as partners fully prepared.

As far as is known this is Elliott's first attempt at "bugling," although they are some ugly rumors about him regarding a burglary case in Philadelphia in which he is said to have turned State's evidence. His physiognomy denotes low cunning and ruse, and his features are dreadfully disfigured by cuts and scars received in former scrimmages.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

#### [With Portrait.]

Miss Clara Willoughby, whose portrait appears in this issue, is connected with the Boylston Museum, Boston, as a serio-comic singer and general variety actress. She is the possessor of a voice of great power and sweetness, and is also a comedienne of no mean order. She is a prime favorite with the people of the Hub, and would no doubt extend her popularity throughout the country should she see fit to travel.



## A DIZZY BLONDE

## Collars a \$1,000 Boodle and Skips for Pastures New—A Wonderful Display of Nerve.

St. Louis, June 30.—And now "the eye that never sleeps" is after a dizzy, fascinating feminine, with an auriferous capillary attachment—not that it is the "blonde" *per se* that is wanted. Some thousand dollars disappeared when Mme. Goldilocks went South, and now there is search for the lucre, with promise of interesting developments when it is traced and found.

The dizzy tow head in question is Mrs. J. O. McGrath. Up to some time last fall she lived at 1,003 Olive street, where she was "under the protection" of a young married man of decided prominence and of great influence in the councils of a certain church. Here and at the church member's house, when his wife was away, Mrs. McGrath played the role of domestic substitute till she left the house and sold her goods at auction. At this time another prominent citizen became enamored of her charms—he also was a church member and married—and she moved to the southern part of town, where she received his letters and visits.

She was a beautiful blonde of twenty-eight or twenty-nine summers, a perfect lady in appearance, possessed of most uncommonly winning ways, and the mother of a little Lillie, eleven years old.

While staying at this last house, its proprietress received a large sum of money from the old country—she was a German lady—and as no secret was made of the fact, Mrs. McGrath knew it, and also knew where the money was kept. One day she was met by the woman of the house coming out of the room in which the money was kept with a large roll of bills in her hands. To any one but a blonde of the McGrath order this discovery would have been fatal, but she was equal to the emergency. She put on her most winning smile, and said: "Oh, Mrs. —, I have just come to pay you some money I owe you. I just got a draft from Louisville, just so lucky for me, as now I can pay you what I owe." There was a little figuring over accounts and the blonde settled her bill, the landlady not having her suspicions aroused in the slightest degree.

Shortly after, the yellow-haired lady announced her intention of going away. She went, and two or three days after she had gone the lady of the house discovered a striking similarity in the denominations of the bills handed her by the blonde and those of the bills received as proceeds of the remittance from home. Very speedily the chief of police was notified of the robbery, but as nothing was known of where Mrs. McGrath had gone, the city force did nothing with the case, which fell into the hands of Stiles' Detective Agency. Here it was learned that Mrs. McGrath had left St. Louis in company with a man named Johnson, who had deserted his wife and who now lives at Sikestown, Mo., after taking all the money she had and leaving her destitute. When captured, Mrs. McGrath will hardly have a pleasant time of it, as her prosecutors are determined to send her up.

## GJS. HILL, OF NEW YORK.

## The Champion Club Swinger of the World.

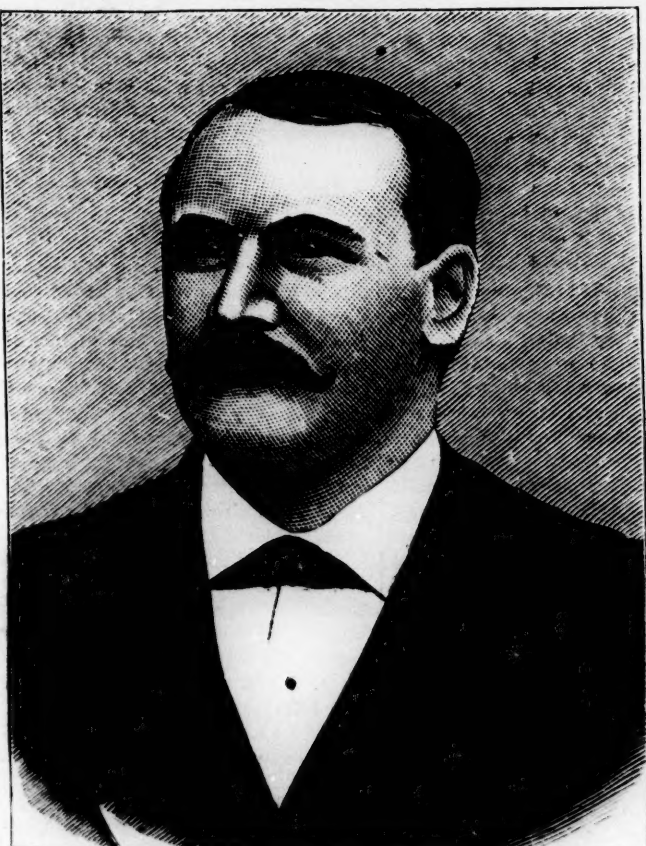
[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch was born in New York February 22d, 1858, stands 5 feet 8 inches in his stocking feet, and in condition, weighs 135 pounds. His measurement for his arm is, biceps, 15 inches; forearm, 12½ inches; chest, 37½ inches; waist, 29 inches; calf, 15 inches; thigh, 20 inches. He won the championship belt of the world on February 27th, 1879, defeating 16 competitors. Also winning 26 medals, 14 silver cups and defeating 58 competitors for various prizes, and has a standing challenge of \$1,000 to any one who will produce his equal. The clubs Mr. Hill uses on exhibitions weigh 10 pounds, 30 pounds, 40 pounds, 55 pounds and 80 pounds which are the heaviest clubs used by any man living, also being the inventor of some of the most difficult movements. He created a perfect furore in all of the principal cities of Europe and America with his challenge Herculean Act, performed only by himself, and which gained for him his great renown in the old and new world as the Modern Young Samson, being pronounced by both press and public to be the most muscularly developed man living. He stood for some very fine models in Europe and America, consisting of the "Arab of the Desert," "The Wild Man of the Woods," "The Headman of London," "The Maniac," "The Avenger," etc. Mr. Hill commenced the beautiful

club exercise when fifteen years of age, by using a pair of four pound clubs and swinging heavier ones by degrees. He is also a very good sparrer, having sparred with the best men in the country, also giving



EDWARD TRICKETT, AUSTRALIAN OARSMAN; MATCHED TO ROW EDWARD HANLAN FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.—SEE PAGE 3.



NED MALLAHAN, PROMINENT IN SPORTING CIRCLES AS THE BACKER AND PATRON OF ALL CLASSES OF SPORT.—SEE PAGE 6.



GEORGE FEARN, A RACING WONDER.—SHEW 15 MILES IN 3 HOURS 27 MINUTES 46 SECONDS, JUNE 27.—SEE SPORTING NEWS ON PAGE 14.



## FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHT.

CLARA WILLOUGHBY, SERIO-COMIC SINGER AND VARIETY ACTRESS.

lessons in sparring and club swinging. He defeated some very good men with the gloves, having five glove fights and winning every one. Also accomplishing the wonderful feat of endurance, consisting of swing a pair 8-pound clubs for five successive hours, for a wager of \$250. Also winning a bet of \$150 by swinging an 80-pound club for 12 minutes, and a wager of \$500 by swinging a pair of 4-pound clubs for three days, swinging 5 minutes in every hour. Mr. Hill also went into training to get a record for pressing dumbbells, and got to the training weight of 135 pounds and pressed a dumbbell weighing 130 pounds twice, which is a wonderful feat of strength, and holding at arms length a 60-pound dumbbell.

## AN OLD FOOL.

## Tempting the Cupidity of His Kind—A Bank that is Not Secure—A Fortune That May Vanish.

Isaac Steele, a farmer, living near Petrolia, Pa., made \$100,000 in the oil production of his farm. He is a old man, and lives with his wife and daughter. He keeps not less than \$50,000 in greenbacks in his house, and he has no faith in the banks or any investment for money. Three years ago he had \$100,000 in bank notes locked in boxes and trunks about the house. The money became damp, mildewed and mouldy. When he discovered the condition of his money he took the notes from their hiding places and spread them in the sun about his orchard to dry. The spectacle of a fortune lying loose on the ground among the apple trees was witnessed by hundreds who were attracted to the farm by the singular proceeding. The money was thus exposed for two days, guarded by old Steele, his wife, daughter and hired man. When considered in good condition again it was returned to the trunks and boxes. Three nights after the greenbacks were housed, Steele woke up to find three masked men in his bedroom. They bound the old man and his family, and had discovered and secured \$1,000 of the hidden treasure when they were frightened away by the return home of the hired man from Petrolia. Even this experience did not move the old farmer to make a different disposition of his money. On the night of the 28th of last April his house was broken into by three men wearing masks. The old man and his wife fought them until they were rendered unconscious. In the struggle the masks were torn from the faces of two of the men. They were recognized as James James and William McDonald. The third man had turned his attention to the daughter, and was not known. The men began to search the house, but before they had secured any booty Steele's hired man had alarmed the neighbors, and the men fled. In an old box under Steele's bed there were \$40,000 in greenbacks. The robbers were followed, but escaped to the woods. Three days afterwards the two were captured. They have just been sentenced to five years each in the penitentiary. Old Steele still refuses to select any safer place of deposit for his wealth than his own house, leaving himself at the mercy of any one who may again be tempted to secure the pile.

## BOARDERS, ATTENTION.

## An Inventive Lodger Fixes a Device Which Will Cure Landladies of Eaves-Dropping.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A lodger in a popular boarding-house in Virginia City, Nev., was guilty of a most fiendish piece of cruelty, yet it is doubtful if the law can reach him. It seems that after weeks of experiment he succeeded in preparing from Slaudling's glue, shellac, bird lime and other similar materials a cement of peculiar properties. This he spread about the key-hole of his door, and the other afternoon, awaiting an opportunity, suddenly made a rush towards the door with a great clatter of his boots. As he did so a shriek was heard outside, and opening his door the wretch actually grinned with delight as he saw his landlady running down the hall minus one ear glued fast over the key-hole.

A tragedy in real life is cabled from Paris. A young woman awaiting for the Auteuil boat with her lover fell into the water and was rescued by a bystander. Immediately after she was fished out, the young woman drew a knife from her pocket and stabbed her lover in the heart and shoulder. Before the horrified spectators could interfere she had turned the weapon against her elf and fell dead beside the body of her lover.



## A CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.

## The Man Who Married a Widow Sees the Ghost of a Murdered Husband.

George Gunzer, owner of a bar-room in East Williamsburgh, N. Y., was murdered in his bed early one morning in May, 1877. His wife and baby were with him when he was killed. Mrs. Gunzer said she was awakened by a blow over her head. She jumped from the bed, made an outcry and was found insensible in the hall. Other persons in the house heard a crash in the bar-room, and saw a man escaping through a window. Several persons were arrested on suspicion, but there was no evidence on which any one of them could be held for trial. Mrs. Gunzer took possession of her husband's property, which was



JIMMY ELLIOT, EX-PRIZE FIGHTER; ARRESTED IN NEW YORK CITY FOR BURGLARY.

valued at \$30,000. She was about thirty-five years old, and in October, 1878, she was married to Henry Dierking, twenty-five years old, a green-grocer in Williamsburgh. The marriage was brought about by a friend of the widow, and the contracting parties knew very little of each other's antecedents, even after the courtship ended. Dierking put his name on the sign where the murdered man's had been. One day he learned from his barber that he had succeeded a man who had been killed in his bed. When Dierking retired that night he could not rest, and in the night, he said, the ghost of the murdered husband appeared to him and ordered him to quit the premises. He sprang from his bed and complied. An agreement of separation between husband and wife followed, and Dierking lived in Hoboken. At length he returned to Williamsburgh, and his wife caused his arrest for abandonment. Dierking declared that he would be glad to return to her except for her ghostly consort.



PASSING THE FAVORS AROUND—A YOUNG COUPLE ARE MARRIED BY A WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y., JUSTICE, AND THE BRIDE INSISTS UPON GIVING HIM A HUG AND A KISS TO SHOW HER GRATITUDE.—SEE PAGE 7.

He afterward began a suit for absolute divorce. Referee Salmon reported in favor of the plaintiff, and a decree of absolute divorce has been entered in the office of the clerk of Kings county.

## HARD CIDER AND LOVE.

## What Came of Two Cousins being in Love With the Same Woman—A Struggle by the Roadside.

TOWANDA, Pa., June 27.—Byron Williams and Samuel Phillips of Neath Four Corners, Bradford county, were cousins. They were both in love with the same girl. In May last they attended a frolic on a farm near the village. They both drank a great deal of hard cider. During the day they had a quarrel about the girl. Williams declared it wouldn't be



DETECTIVE EWING, BOUNCED OUT OF BRIDGEPORT, CT., FOR SPYING ON LIQUOR DEALERS.

well for his cousin if he ever saw him with her. Week before last Phillips accompanied her home from a social gathering. Next morning he was found by the roadside unconscious. He was revived. He said a horse had kicked him. He died two days afterward. His friends believed that Byron Williams knew something about the manner in which Phillips met his death. They insisted on a coroner's investigation. The coroner last week ordered the body of Phillips exhumed. Three of his ribs were found to be broken. His skull was crushed, and there were other serious injuries about his body. The facts about the difficulty between him and his cousin were testified to. Other circumstances pointed toward Williams as his cousin's assassin. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict charging him with the crime. When an officer went to arrest him he had fled from the village, and there is no trace of him.



## A RACE FOR LIFE AGAINST FIRE AND DEATH.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER SEAWANHAKA NEAR HELL GATE, JUNE 28TH—CAPTAIN SMITH, THE JIM BLUDSOE OF THE EAST RIVER, STANDING AT HIS POST AMID THE FIRE—"HE KNEW HIS DUTY, A DEAD SURE THING, AND WENT FOR IT THAR AND THEN, AND CHRIST AIN'T GOING TO BE TOO HARD ON A MAN THAT DIES FOR MEN."—SEE PAGE 10.



## THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

**Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its  
Heroes From 1812 to  
1880.**

**An Interesting Description of the  
Great Fistic Encounters Between  
Pugilists of the Past and  
Present.**

**The Desperate Battle Between  
Yankee Sullivan and John  
Morrissey**

**AT BOSTON FOUR CORNERS.**

**How Sullivan Was Euchred Out of  
the Stakes---Thirty-Seven Desperate  
Rounds---Both Pugilists Terri-  
bly Punished.**

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,  
BY W. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

The great battle between Hyer and Yankee Sullivan created quite a breeze on both sides of the Atlantic. Hyer was pronounced by his enthusiastic admirers who were legion to be a winner and able to contend against any man in the world for championship honors. It is very doubtful if there was a pugilist in either England or this country able to successfully contend against the American monument of flesh and muscle. In 1849, Charles Freeman the American, who was residing in England, was talked of as an opponent for Hyer. Freeman had gone to England and whipped William Perry, better known as the Tipton Slasher, but the American giant refused to make a match. Hyer then issued a challenge to fight any man in the world, and the defiance created quite a sensation. In the meantime, pugilism in America was fast spreading and in several of the principal cities champions or would-be-champions boasted what they could and what they were willing to do.

William Hastings, an English pugilist, better known as "Dublin Tricks," a gentlemanly, clever pugilist and Orville Gardner of Maine, who defeated McFee in 1847, arranged a match. The pugilists agreed to fight at catch weight for \$1,000 a side. Hastings had fought Hobson and Bottle and other pugilists in England, and as he was a scientific boxer the mill created quite a stir. The fight took place near New York. Hastings weighed 150 pounds while Gardner weighed 152. It was a one-sided battle. Hastings proved a regular slasher and whipped Gardner in 30 minutes.

Hastings then became one of the shining lights of the pugilistic world, and afterwards flourished prosperously and reaped a fortune by keeping a first-class sporting house.

In 1853, John Morrissey, who had whipped George Thompson for \$1,000 in 11 rounds, 16 minutes, returned to New York.

Three rival gangs then held possession of Gotham. Yankee Sullivan's gang, Tom Hyer's gang, and John Morrissey's gang.

The representatives of these rival pugilists each claimed that their man was the boss. The Hibernian elements of New York society were divided between Sullivan and Morrissey, but the Conemara, Ram as Sullivan was styled, had the largest number of supporters. Sullivan was eager to fight and was afraid of no one.

There was very seldom a row in a sporting house or a drag-out at a political meeting that Sullivan did not show his abilities and prove that he could fight rough and tumble just as well as by the rules of the prize ring.

Sporting men made strenuous efforts to bring Tom Hyer and Morrissey together, but when they failed they tried to make Morrissey fight Sullivan. The former, after he had defeated Thompson in California, had an idea that he could whip anybody. He hated Hyer and they were bitter rivals, but Morrissey's keen judgment led him to know that he could not whip America's then greatest pugilist.

Morrissey wanted to prove to his numerous Irish friends that he was the Irish champion, but the great-stumbling block in his way was Yankee Sullivan. Morrissey finally came to the conclusion he would fight Sullivan and that if he succeeded in whipping the great Yankee that he would then fight Tom Hyer.

At the "Gem" in Broadway, Morrissey publicly announced that he could whip Sullivan in one hour in a twenty-four foot ring.

The news was quickly brought to Sullivan, who at once went in search of "Old Smoke," as Morrissey was called.

Sullivan met Morrissey in a Broadway sporting house and Sullivan in his off-hand style told Morrissey that Hyer had not taken all the fight out of him, and that he was ready to fight Morrissey any time. Morrissey explicitly told Sullivan that he was the boss of all the pugilists, and that he would fight Sullivan for \$1,000 a side.

A sharp wrangle ensued, and the pugilists agreed to meet on September 1, in a sporting house at the corner of Whitehall and Bridge streets, New York.

Sullivan and Morrissey met and signed articles to fight for \$2,000 within one hundred miles of New York on October 5, 1853.

The announcement that the pugilists were going to fight created quite a breeze in sporting circles throughout the country.

Sullivan went into training at the "Hit or Miss" Hotel in the suburbs of Brooklyn, and Morrissey prepared for the fight at McComb's Dam.

The toss for choice of the battle ground was won by Morrissey, and he notified Sullivan that Boston Four Corners, one hundred miles northeast of the city of New York, would be the place of rendezvous.

As the day approached for the great battle intense excitement prevailed among sporting circles, and a large amount of money was wagered on the result. At intervals Morrissey was the favorite, and then Sullivan was first choice. Both pugilists went through a hard course

of training, and came to the battle ground in splendid condition. Over 2,000 persons assembled to witness the fight. Betting was \$100 to \$200 on Sullivan.

As the two pugilists faced each other for the first round there was quite a contrast. Sullivan appeared old enough to be Morrissey's father. He weighed thirty pounds less than Morrissey and was three inches shorter than his youthful opponent. Morrissey's colors were the stars and stripes; Sullivan's black with green cords.

Intense excitement prevailed as the pugilists began the great battle. In the first five rounds the fighting was terrific. Morrissey was devoid of science, while Sullivan was well posted in all the tricks and dodges in vogue in prize ring encounters. Morrissey possessed great courage and endurance, and he pluckily stood the terrific sledge-hammer blows Sullivan time and again planted on him.

On went the battle, both pugilists punishing each other terribly, while the horde of roughs, which comprised all-classes of humanity, urged them on. Sullivan out-fought Morrissey at all points, and how the latter faced the heavy blows Sullivan rained in on him was a mystery, and proved Morrissey to be an iron man as the fight progressed.

Sullivan's superior science enabled him to put in his stinging blows as often as he pleased on Morrissey's head and face. Morrissey, on the other hand, seemed good for any amount of beating, like a tender beefsteak under the flat of a cleaver, and contented himself with an occasional rib-roaster on Sully's portmanteau. Under these circumstances, we need not wonder that Sullivan won the point of first blood by tapping Morrissey's nose in the very first round. Sullivan also made matters worse for Morrissey by artfully contriving to slip down whenever the latter began to return the compliments of the season.

At the 15th round Morrissey's friends began to look for a long fight, and therefore told him to change tactics and force the fighting. Morrissey seemed as pleased as a boy let out of school. In his first eagerness Sully dodged him, and gave him a spanking flanker on the ribs, enough to make any ordinary pugilist "change his mind," but Morrissey seemed to enjoy his liberty too well to stop. He rushed Sullivan to the ropes, and had him in such a position that the latter must have been defeated, but Morrissey magnanimously gave up the advantage, and Sullivan slipped down of course.

In the 17th, Sullivan's friends, seeing how "things were working" from Morrissey's side, advised Sullivan to abstain from "rushing things." This brought the men just where they ought to be—the scratch. Hence ensued some of the most scientific work in any one round of the fight. It was ding dong, give and take, and some severe punishment was so scientifically exchanged as to cause loud and continued cheering for both men, until, at last, Sullivan contrived his usual slip down.

The general style of the first fourteen rounds was then resumed and continued till the end of the 23d, during all of which Morrissey's appearance, from such continual punishment on the face, made him seem worse than he really was, for he was yet firm on his hips, and very active. Sullivan, of course, looked upon him as likely to give in soon, and tried hard to finish Morrissey off, but Morrissey would not stay finished. At the 33d round, however, Morrissey got cranky in the knees; and in the 34th Sullivan gave him at least a dozen blows in the face, and at last fell from his own exertions while trying to put in a whopper on Morrissey's body. At the 36th, Morrissey yet seemed to sink, and Sullivan got more saucy and efficient. Morrissey's mind seemed to wander, and, although the tallest man, he could not set his guard high enough. On the call for the 37th round, Morrissey's wonderful powers of endurance seemed to have taken a new lease. Sullivan got in, as usual, on the old spot at the sore cheek. Morrissey then dashed after him, rushed him to the ropes and punished him terribly.

It was the general opinion that that the fight was all over and that Sullivan was whipped, as Morrissey had him in such a critical position. The gangs in the corners of the pugilists began to yell, curse and hold revolvers at each other, and tremendous was the excitement. A free fight was momentarily expected, and many of the Puritans from New England who had journeyed out of curiosity, fled from the ring in terror.

Sullivan, in the meantime, by an adroit trick released himself from the position which Morrissey held him in and a loud shout greeted Sullivan from the partisans in his corner.

Morrissey claimed a foul and a wrangle ensued, revolvers and knives were drawn by the friends of both contestants and several rough-and-tumbles occurred outside the ring. The crowd made a threatening demonstration and swarmed into the ring, and Sullivan in the confusion and excitement was pushed outside the ring.

The referee, to stop what promised to be a deadly battle between the rival gangs, called. Time was called, and Sullivan was wrangling with Morrissey's gang and it was impossible for him to break through the swaying mass of humanity who now numbered nearly 3,000.

The usual time was called but Sullivan did not come to the mark simply because he could not make passage way through the crowd.

Mr. Allaire called time again, and again but all was confusion and Sullivan failed to appear, and Mr. Allaire, the referee, declared Morrissey the winner.

The fight lasted through thirty-seven rounds, which were fought in 53 minutes. Morrissey was terribly punished and in fact was beaten, and had a few more rounds been fought it is more than probable that Sullivan would have won.

The decision, according to the rules, was a fair one, but Sullivan and his backers and admirers did not think so. Sullivan wanted to renew the fight and asserted that he had been robbed out of a hard-earned victory.

Sullivan was terribly cut up at the result, and he had the sympathy of the sporting men generally, both in England and America, as they all agreed that he would have won.

Sullivan's defeat created a sensation. Everybody who were conversant with the manner in which he whipped Hammer Lane in England looked upon the result as certain for Sullivan. They basing their opinion on his tricky generalship, pluck and science. Morrissey was no pugilist compared with Sullivan, but a more courageous pugilist never entered the twenty-four foot ring. He won the stakes in his fight with Sullivan by a fluke and proved that a gang at a prize fight to look after matters was as essential as a second.

Morrissey whipping Thompson and his victory over Sullivan gained him great fame and glory.

Sullivan was unfortunate; he not only lost the stakes in his battle with Morrissey, but was arrested and taken to Lenox Prison, in Berkshire county, and he would have remained there some time had not Tom Hyer disinterestedly raised \$1,500 and procured his liberation. Morrissey was also arrested, fleeced and liberated.

Following the Sullivan-Morrissey fight there was a great sensation. Tom Hyer issued a challenge to fight Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, the supposed best pugilist in England, for \$20,000, offering Perry \$5,000 expenses to come to America, or he agreed to take \$5,000 and go to England to fight the Slasher. Izzy Lazarus forwarded the challenge, but Perry did not accept.

[To be Continued.]

## THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

BRAMBLE is again training.

MONITOR won the Coney Island cup.

GRENADE won the Coney Island Derby.

PATHGATE has bought the race horse One Dime for \$5,000.

WALLACE ROSS will row in the Citizen's Regatta at Boston.

FALSETTO is broken down, and will be sent back to America.

YALE'S crew average twenty pounds heavier than Harvard.

ROWELL and BROWN are arranging a race for the Astley belt.

THERE are 118 horses stabled at Brighton Beach and 212 at Gravesend.

PROSPERO was not destroyed on Saturday. He was alive at last accounts.

THE Saratoga cup promises to be most sensational all-aged race of the season.

At Shelbyville, Ky., recently, Miss Annie Fisher walked a mile in 8m. 4s.

HOMER LANE is out in a challenge to wrestle any man on the Pacific slope.

SWIGERT has refused \$16,000 for his champion two-year-old colt Hindoo.

MONROE CHIEF will be a hard horse to beat in the Stallion Stakes, at Chicago.

On June 25th Daniel Swigert refused \$20,000 for his two-year-old unbeaten Hindoo.

THE fastest one-mile walking time is 6m. 23s., made by William Perkins, in England.

LEAHEY, of San Francisco, has challenged Hanlan to row five miles for \$1,000 a side.

At Chicago, June 21, Hindoo ran three-quarters of a mile in 1:15, the fastest on record.

CALHOUN, of San Francisco, offers to run any man in the world 100 yards for \$2,000.

It is reported that Joe Goss's backers again propose to match him against Paddy Ryan.

WALLACE ROSS, of St. John, N. B., is ready to row any man in the world, five miles, for \$1,000.

GEORGE FEARN, the great swimmer, challenges any man in the world to swim any distance.

BAUER has issued a challenge to wrestle any man in the world, Græco-Roman style, for \$500 a side.

Don't fail to read "History of American Prize Ring" in the GAZETTE next week. It commenced in No. 141.

At Fleetwood Park, N. Y., Jonny Murphy drove Mr. Frank Work's trotter Edward half a mile in 1:06½.

At Ashton, England, recently, H. Massey is credited with running 120 yards in 12 1/5s., and 100 yards in 10 1/5s.

KIMBALL, the Mobile race horse, who was second favorite for the Kentucky Derby, has arrived at New York.

KENTUCKY WILKES, who reduced his record to 2:22½ at Milwaukee, was one of the most prominent four-year olds of 1878.

CLINKE won the pacing race in East Saginaw in 2:20, 2:22½, 2:23½, after losing the second heat to Billy Scott in 2:21½.

ALFRED GREENFIELD, the English pugilist, has issued a challenge to fight any man in the world for £200. Where is Ryan?

At the New Orleans regatta the Shoe-wacae-mettes were defeated, and have decided to disband. They sold their boat for \$200.

SPINAWAY, by winning the Foam and Surf stakes at Gravesend, has incurred a 12 pound penalty for her Monmouth Park engagements.

In the struggle for the League base ball championship of America, Chicago holds the lead with Cleveland second and Providence third.

YALE COLLEGE base ball club have won the college base ball championship and made a record unprecedented in the annals of college base ball.

BY-AND-BY won the Illinois Oaks at Chicago in 2:37½, the fastest time ever made by a three-year-old filly at this distance—one mile and a half.

A NEW ORLEANS exchange is responsible for the absurd statement that a novice named A. Castle walked on the public road, June 2, 12 miles in 1 hour and 55 minutes.

At Harry Hill's, last Thursday, Tom Lane and Dan Crutchley, the English light-weight champions, gave a grand display of boxing. Both are experts and display great science.

On Wednesday noon, July 7, the Freshmen of Harvard and Columbia will row a two-mile race in eight-oared boats, starting at Mamacoke and ending at Winthrop's Point.

THE Goodwood Stakes, two and a half miles, to be run for on the 27th July, closed with thirty-eight subscribers, including Mr. P. Lorillard's Sly Dance, Mistake and Wallenstein.

HICKOX publishes a challenge offering to match St. Julien, the trotter, against any horse in the world, but that it must be for large money. He adds that St. Julien will this season beat his best time.

Last year a \$5 mutual pool ticket on Mintzer paid \$440. The best paying ticket so far this season was a mutual ticket on Statesman, the steeplechaser, at Brighton Beach, which paid \$344 45 for \$5.

"The American Prize Ring's History," from 1813 to 1880, is creating a great sensation in sporting circles, and is considered the most authentic reference of these great events which has ever been published. See next week's GAZETTE.

In our next week's issue of the GAZETTE will appear an artistic and life-like picture of Thomas Early, the well-known sporting man, of Boston. His numerous friends should send in their orders for the GAZETTE early in order to secure a copy.

WALLACE ROSS, the winner of the international boat race at Providence, is a native of Dorchester, Westmoreland county, N. B., where he was born, February 20, 1857. He stands 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and in condition weighs 170 pounds.

FRANK HYDE, the captain of the American Rifle Team, who are to shoot at the international match against

England, at Wimbledon, is in Dublin. Hyde states that Messrs. Gerish of Boston, Dudley of New York and Burnside of Washington, are on their way to England, and he hopes to make up the original number of eight from the present American team.

THE annual boat race for the Childs Cup and the four-oared college championship of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania was rowed on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, June 29. Columbia, University of Pennsylvania and Princeton crews competed. The distance was one mile and a half. The crews were made up as follows. University of Pennsylvania—W. Dickerson, bow; J. Burnhurst, 2d; F. G. Hanter, 3d; and R. L. Hart, stroke. Columbia College—Charles Eldredge, bow; A. H. Van Sinderlin, 2d; H. R. Muller, 3d; and F. A. Painter, stroke. Princeton College—T. Baker, bow; A. McLaren, 2d; H. H. Bretherlin, 3d; and George Johns, stroke. The race was closely contested and finished amid the wildest excitement among those on the shore, and the boats were so close at the finish that a conference of all the judges and the referee was necessary to decide. The decision was given in favor of Columbia, and the time given for the winner 9 minutes 4½ seconds; Pennsylvania, 9 minutes 6 seconds; Princeton, 9 minutes 18½ seconds. The time of the winning crew over the same course last year was 9 minutes 23 seconds.

THE third international rifle match between Ireland and the United States was shot at Dollymount, Ireland, on June 29, and for the third time in the history of long range rifle shooting America triumphed over the Green Isle over the Sea. The conditions were for teams of six each, side to shoot 15 shots at 800, 900 and 1000 yard ranges. The following comprised the teams:

Irish team—Fenton, Young, William Rigby, John Rigby, Milner and Joynt. The American team—Rathbone, Farrow, Brown, Clark, Scott and Fisher. A tremendous crowd witnessed the contest, and the Americans were heavy favorites. A detachment of 200 Royal Irish Constabulary were on hand to preserve order. The American Team won by 12 points. Following are the individual total scores at the three ranges:

Americans.	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
Clarke.....	73	75	71	219
Scott.....	75	69	74	218
Fisher.....	71	73	69	213
Rathbone.....	70	75	70	215
Farrow.....	73	71	69	213
Brown.....	73	73	67	213
Grand totals.....	436	436	420	1292

Irish.	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
John Rigby.....	69	72	68	209
William Rigby.....	71	71	68	210
Milner.....	75	70	67	212
Fenton.....	75	70	72	217
Joynt.....	73	71	72	216
Young.....	73	74	68	215
Grand totals.....	436	428	416	1280

In course of time it will finally leak out that the Providence international regatta was a fraud, and that Hanlan knew he could not win, and that Boyd did not try to win. At the time Boyd arrived in America, three weeks ago, Hanlan avoided traveling on the same steamboat with him, or even speaking to him, for the avowed reason that he feared the public would suspect some collusion. Yet, at Providence, we find Boyd respecting the race in Hanlan's paper boat—kindly loaned to him for this purpose. Isn't it queer? It is hard for common people to understand how two rival oarsmen—who dared not speak to each other, June 4—should grow so wonderfully intimate in ten days that one lends the other one of his boats in which to row against and try to beat its owner, for a prize of \$3,000. Evidently, Hanlan wished to help Boyd by lending him this boat, and suspicious people freely say that Hanlan must have known, several days before the race, that he himself could not or would not win, and was trying to help Boyd beat Ross. Christopher Barras, Boyd's backer, said the reason Boyd did not row in his English boat was because it was too heavy and weighed 38 pounds. After Boyd left England, *Bell's Life* published the following: "Boyd took with him the new boat, Alexandria, which was launched from Messrs. Swaddle & Winship's yard on the previous afternoon, and was named by Mr. Barras after the Middlebro' sculler's hostelry. Afterward Boyd rowed four spins upon the ebb, from the Scotswood Railway Bridge to the Suspension Bridge, and although there was a nasty cross wind they were highly satisfactory. He weighed on Thursday 162 pounds, and no man could possibly be in better health. We disclose no secrets, but we may go this far and say that in the forthcoming contest he will take all the beating that even the mighty Hanlan can give him." His shell weighs 31 pounds. Is it not strange that in two short weeks this magnificent 31 pound handsoemly modeled boat should "suffer a sea change" into a "clumsy 38 pound scow"? At the market price of the betting on the recent race, any man or men who knew that Hanlan would not finish could have won \$100,000 with \$15,000, and had no difficulty in investing their money.

GEORGE FEARN, the English swimmer, for a wager of \$500 to \$100, waged by Harry Hill, attempted to swim from East Thirty-third street to Harry Hill's Pavilion at Flushing. A large crowd congregated to witness the start, and Harry Hill's yacht *Avelon*, carried the press gang. Harry Hill had wagered \$500 to \$100 that Fearn would swim the distance without stopping to rest, but many doubted Fearn's ability to do so, and several bets were made he would fail. Fearn started at the time announced and made rapid headway through the water. He swam the distance without a rest, and Harry Hill won his bet. Fearn swam over the following course: From the starting point up the East River, passing up to the west of Blackwell's Island; at the upper end of the Island he started for Flood Rock, passing east of it a few yards; he then swam over toward the Hog's Back and past Steep Rock, near Hallett's Point, then up to a buoy opposite Woolsey's Point. To this point he was carried by an eight knot tide, but here it gradually fell to four knots. From Woolsey's Point he shaped his course to Sanford's Point, and passed through Bowery Bay, leaving Steinway's factory on the right. The tide had then commenced to ebb, and he hugged the shore to catch the eddy tide, and in this manner he swam up Flushing Bay. He kept the left overhand stroke on which he started till he reached Bowery Bay, when he swam on his breast for about a mile. He then resumed his regular old stroke, and kept it to the close. He left the water at 2:27:46, having covered the distance, which was in the neighborhood of fifteen miles, in 3h. 27m. 46s. Fearn arrived in this city two months ago and immediately issued a challenge to swim any man in the world in a six day's match of fourteen hours a day, for any sum from \$1,000 to \$5,000. The challenge has not been accepted by anybody up to this time. Mr. Fearn is a powerfully-built young man of 22 years; he stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 178 pounds. On the 5th inst., he gave an exhibition in Gebhard's Swimming Academy in this city, covering the unprecedented distance—in still, fresh water—of eleven miles in eight hours. At the great swimming match in the Lambeth Baths in London, in May, 1879, he took the second prize, defeating Beckwith of London. Taylor of Rochdale and Rowbottom of Manchester. Captain Webb took the first prize on that occasion. A portrait of Fearn will be found on another page.



## NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

## Striking Pictures as We Go Around

The Clock—Midnight Scenes and  
Noontide Photographs.

## THE STRIKER'S HOME.

Wives and Babies Who Want, While  
the Dignity of Labor is  
Sustained.

## LITTLE JIMMY'S WAKE.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

I was passing a dingy seven-storied building in New Chambers street the other morning early, or rather I was trying to pass it through the lounging crowd of unshaven, shabby men who were blocking up the sidewalk, all glowering with gloomy eyes on the dirty door, without a knob, with a keyhole big enough for a hand to be thrust through, when a decent looking fellow with one of those pliable baskets of tools which are commencing to be as common here as in London, hanging to a hammer handle over his shoulder, tried to make his way to the door aforesaid. The stolid, lifeless crowd woke up at this, for until now they had simply been skulking and staring in a sullen silence. A couple of those nearest to the man with the tools hustled him against some who seemed to be keeping a sort of guard on the door. These shouldered him back, and when he persisted in attempting the passage by slipping through between two of the sentries a chorus of cries rose on all sides, commencing in the usual mob style with mere cacophonous vocalism and ascending to the dignity of actual threats.

"sis-s-s-s!"  
"Yah!"  
"Git out!"  
"Bounce the rat!"  
"Fire him! Fire him!"

The object of these obnoxious and a good many others that you wouldn't thank me for putting down looked at his aggressors for a moment with a steady gleam in his honest grey eyes.

"You might as well save your wind, boys," he then said. "I'm going to work."  
"You're going to take the bread out of our mouths, you skulking hound," growled one of the crowd, who must have been thinking of himself when he created the epithet—"That's what you're goin' to do."

"I'm going to put bread in the mouths of my wife and babes."

Another and louder outburst of hisses, and the gathering closed round the man with the sullen, unspoken threat of brute violence such a movement always has. But before they got any further the shrill voice of a street boy squealed:

"The cops! The cops!"

The mob scattered in a second like so many frightened rats. The man with the tools, thanks to this diversion, slipped in through the dirty door, against which some sticks and stones rattled vindictively. The policeman who had come hurriedly up, shook his fist at the aggressors, calling:

"You'd better look out, my men, or some of you will be doing time for no wages at all before you know it."

"What is it, officer?"

"A strike, sir."

"Which?"

"The packing-box makers, sir. They've been out this three weeks because wages was cut five cents a day." That is to say, men who were getting at least ten dollars a week, had by that time sacrificed twenty-nine dollars and ten cents each because they objected to being docked less than one dollar.

Heaven knows! I am not and never have been insensible to the wants and woes, and wrongs of working men. I have more than once raised my voice in these columns in defense of a class which is too often shamefully abused. But when it comes to striking against a reduction of thirty cents a week my reason won't permit me to be sympathetic.

At least not with the striker. But with such as that child there, that weakened, ragged girl, barefooted, black with grime, wan with hunger, with her smudged face buried in tangled elf locks, who comes hurrying around the corner just in time to receive the empty tomato can a hulking brute in a blue jumper hurls at the defenceless door on her forehead, it is a very different matter.

Poor offspring of the gutter! She is so hardened to abuse already that the blow and the ugly cut, the trickling blood from which makes brown marks as it washes the dirt from her face, only draws from her a single suppressed scream. "Damn it! Jake," says another of the strikers, "It's little Jenny."

"Why the devil don't she keep out of the road, then? What do you want, you clumsy brat?"

"Jimmy's dead, pop, and mam told me to—"

"I'll tell her something she won't want to hear afore I get through. I can't bring him to life, can I? What the blazes does she mean then, a troubling me when she knows how worried I am already?"

The query provokes an admiring assent. It is evident that the other men have wives of the "worritin'" sort, too. Even the one who exhibited a momentary sympathy with the girl and went so far as to wipe the blood from her face with his greasy sleeve murmurs now:

"That's so. I never see such little sense as women has that way."

And then they all go into the schooner house next door, leaving the child still standing, with her bleeding face, her dirt and her unfinished message, in the street. You can see them clinking glasses and pouring down their contents, and it strikes you, not probably for the first time either, that it is one of the most extraordinary of paradoxes that, no matter how poor or hungry a man is, he can always get something to drink.

There is a man now hammering and sawing lustily inside the dingy building whom this guzzling band of idlers have just been stoning because he works at any price to keep those he loves from want. There is a father lounging at that bar who has just marked his only child with a life-long scar without a word of sorrow or regret, and who just received the news of his off-spring's death

with a curse. Which of these two sustains the dignity of labor?

I don't think any of you will hesitate to make the same choice.

Half a loaf is a deal better than no bread—when there are women and babies to eat it, anyhow—though it may not suit the masculine palate as well as schooners and free lunch.

I don't mean to say, mind you, that all strikers are like mine of the other morning.

But I do say that there is always a class among them to whom a strike is less a means of righting a wrong than a most agreeable excuse for shirking work and going in for a rest eked out with something wet.

Jake Jones wouldn't degrade himself by working for five cents a day less than usual to feed the family and pay the rent the landlord has been kicking about for a month, but he's perfectly willing to feed the gin-mill man's folks or help somebody else to feed them if his money's all gone.

That is what he calls sustaining labor against capital. But it isn't sustaining labor's wives and children against famine for a cent.

The fact of the matter is, when the strike comes on they generally have to do that kind of sustaining for all hands.

Follow that child with the bleeding face home with me, for instance. Her home, as well as any other, will serve to tell the real story of the strike. She dives through a maze of alleys and foul streets, and finally into a court and up a dark stairway, full of holes and with a balustrade that would be safe if it was anything like as strong as the odor which suffocates the sombre well. You've had the room described before a hundred times. There is a weakened, dead baby on the rickety table, though. Horribly cannibalistic as the thought is, you can't help thinking at once that it seems to be the only thing approaching edibility about. An old woman, deep in the depths of senile imbecility, is crooning over the poor little corpse, smoothing the soiled white cloth which covers it much as one would stroke a cat or a pet dog.

A younger woman, with a face as hard as if it was cast in iron, sits on a ledge of the open window, staring stolidly at the hot summer sky. The fetid reek of the court rises on the heavy air in steaming gusts of atmospheric poison. If you closed your eyes you might easily imagine yourself within sniffing distance of Barren Island or Hunter's Point, with the wind strong in your face.

"When did the baby die?"

"Two hours ago," she speaks, you notice, with no emotion, as if the sentiment within her had all been burned up or stamped out, or gotten rid of in some way.

"Don't be worrying it any more now, mother."

"What ailed it?"

"Fits, sir. It just struggled a bit and then stopped."

"What did it come from?"

"I don't know, sir. The doctor said it was to have fresh air and a regular diet, but since Jake has been on strike—"

Here the old woman wakes from her mortuary reverie and begins to howl:

"Give me my dinner! Why don't you give me my dinner? Do you want to starve me? Give me my dinner I say!"

Some dreadful fear that the next performance will involve her falling on the dead baby without the formality of cooking sends you out, while daughter and grand daughter are endeavoring to soothe her famished frenzy. You have to pass an open door at the head of the stairs. A man in a Tweed suit, which don't fit him, and a very shiny new hat that looks as if he had added it to the rest of his costume by mistake, is standing in the doorway.

"I told you, the last time, that it was no go," he is saying.

"But, Mr. Murphy," replies a woman's pleading voice, "as soon as the strike is over—"

"D—n the strike! You folks are so fond of striking that you don't want anybody else to, I suppose. Mind, now, strike or no strike, you produce to-morrow, or out you go."

And he goes down before us, banging each step with his clumsy feet as if he was under contract to break the staircase down. In the next corridor a pretty girl without much wardrobe and that little only half put on, opens a door, and says, coquettishly:

"I thought I knew your step."

Mr. Murphy chuckles with coarse satisfaction:

"Of course you did, dear. And how are you fixed to-day?"

"Broke. Dave is on strike yet and he's off from morning till night, you know."

"And I know old Moneybags is kicking like a steer, too. But never mind, I'll give him another bluff and fire somebody out to square things."

And after imprinting an ardent kiss upon the pretty girl's cheek he follows her into the room. As we pass we hear the click of the lock in which the key is turned.

Dave may be supporting the dignity of labor against capital, and it is evident that one of capital's minions is assisting to support him.

This house, as frequently happens in the tenement districts, is the abiding place of many of the striking class. People in the same rude trades herd together in great cities in perfect colonies. Consequently you find evidences of the strike everywhere. On one door Mr. Murphy has affixed a landlord's notice of ejectment while the tenants are away. Another has been nailed up to keep them out. A pile of household fixings, so battered that they have lost even their value for a sopping pawn-shop, encumbers the middle of the court and tells of an eviction. On a mattress in a hallway a sick woman, who you feel at once belongs to the furniture, is groaning with closed eyes. People pass and repass her, brushing her hot face with their soiled skirts, and occasionally one of her own sex stoops, with that sympathetic kindness that even want cannot quite throttle out of the feminine nature, to whisper a word of consolation or hope.

"Never mind, dear. The ambulance will be here in a minute, now."

"But what will become of my children? He'll never look after them."

"We'll keep them comfortable till you're well again, please God!"

"And the furniture too."

"Well, the installment man was here this morning and carried all of ours away, so we can take care of it till the strike's over and we buy some more of our own."

In fact, the installment man and the landlord's agent are much more certain visitors to the striker's home than the butcher and the baker.

It is a peculiarity of the son of toil in New York that as soon as he begins to make money enough to live decently on he aspires to style.

Heaps of style, in fact.

His residence may be the usual room and bedroom in a six dollar a month tenement, but he fills it with gay gazzing, to be paid for at four times its value in installments of so much a month to a Bowery furniture man. His wife buys a silk dress after the same plan from a gentleman of accommodative character, who is known in the circles he serves as a time peddler or tallyman.

About the time these things are half paid for comes the strike.

If it happens to come early in the month, just after a payment, the furniture proprietor by courtesy may get pretty much everything pawned before the tallyman turns up to carry off the rest. Through one channel or the other he is certain to get rid of them anyhow, and by the time he goes to work again, if he ever does, he commences life on about the same basis as he did some ten or twenty years ago.

Except that he has an undertaker's bill of a month's wages for burying a starved baby to meet.

For this much must be understood:

Wives may go the hospital or the bagnio, children may turn thieves, homes may be swept bare and doors nailed up on their tenants in support of the great cause of labor against capital, but when death claims his collateral tribute too, he is received with all honors.

I wonder if it was any satisfaction to little Jimmy, now, that after his last fit dovetailed him into eternity, he had a grand funeral!

At the meeting of the National Billiard Players' Association at Philadelphia it was decided to celebrate the second anniversary of the association by meeting at the O'Connor Brothers' rooms, at Union square, New York, on the 4th day of October next. John J. Barry, of this city, was elected a member on Monday last.

COLONEL BODINE has selected the following team of six riflemen to shoot in the contest at Dollymount on Tuesdays Rathbone, Farrow, Brown, Clark, Scott and Fisher. Three men were left out of their team, Rockwell, Jackson and Laird, who have made a higher aggregate upon full scores than Brown and Fisher.

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